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DOLORES.



"Her old boat loaded with oranges."

HER old boat loaded with oranges,
Her baby tied on her breast,
Minorean Dolores bends to her oars,
Noting each reed on the slow-moving shores;
But the way is long, and the inlet wide—
Can two small hands overcome the tide
Sweeping up into the west?

Four little walls of coquina-stone,
Rude thatch of palmetto-leaves;
There have they nestled, like birds in a tree,
From winter, and labor, and hunger free,
Taking from earth their small need, but no more;
No thought of the morrow, no laying in store,
No gathering patient sheaves.

Alone in their Southern island-home,
Through the year of summer days,
The two love on; and the bountiful beach
Clusters its sea-food within his reach;
The two love on, and the tropical land
Drops its wild fruit in her indolent hand,
And life is a sunshiny haze.

Luiz, Dolores, and baby brown,
With dreamy, passionate eyes—
Far in the past, lured by Saxon wiles,
A simple folk came from the Spanish sea-
isles,
Now, tinged with the blood of the creole
quadroon,
Their children live idly along the lagoon,
Under the Florida skies.

Luiz, Dolores, and baby brown,
Ah, their blossoming life of love!—
But fever falls with its withering blight:
Dolores keeps watch through the sultry night,
In vain her poor herbs, in vain her poor
prayers—
Her Luiz is mounting the spirit-winged stairs
That lead to her heaven above.

So, her old boat loaded with oranges,
Her baby tied on her breast,
Dolores rows off to the ancient town,
Where the blue-eyed soldiers come marching
down
From the far cold North; they are men who
know—
Thus Dolores thinks—how to cure all woe;
Nay, their very touch is blest.

"Oranges! oranges!" hear her cry,
Through the shaded plaza-path;
But the Northern soldiers come marching in
Through the old Spanish city, with stir and
din;
And the silent people stand sullen by,
To see the old flag mount again to the sky—
The flag they had trampled in wrath.

Ah, brown Dolores! will no one hear,
And buy thy poor little store!
Now north, now south, on the old sea-wall—
But her pitiful tones unheeded fall;
Now east, now west, through the angry town,
Patient she journeys up and down,
Nor misses one surly door.

Then, desperate, up to the dreaded ranks
She carries her passionate suit;
"I have no money, for none would buy;
But come, for God's sake, or he will die!
Save him—my Luiz—he is so young!"
She pleads in her liquid Minorcan tongue,
And proffers her store of fruit.

But the Northern soldiers move steadily on,
They hear not nor understand;
The last blue rank has passed down the
street,
She sees but the dust of their marching feet;
They have crossed a whole country by night,
and by day,
And marked, with their blood, every step of
the way,
To conquer this Southern land.

They are gone—O despair! She turns to
the church,
Half fainting, her fruit wet with tears;
"Perhaps the old saint, who is always there,
May wake up and take them to pay for a
prayer;
They are very sweet, as the saint will see,
If he would but wake up, and listen to me;
But he sleeps so, he never hears."

She enters; the church is filled with men,
The pallid men of the North;
Each dingy old pew is a sick man's bed,
Each battered old bench holds a weary head,
The altar-candles are swept away
For vials and knives in shining array,
And a new saint is stepping forth?

He must be a saint, for he comes from the
shrine,

A saint of a Northern creed—
Clad in a uniform—army blue,
But surely the saints may wear any hue
Dolores thinks, as he takes her hands
And hears all her story, and understands
The cry of her desperate need.

An orange he gives to each weary man,
To freshen the fevered mouth,
Then forth they go down the old sea-wall,
And they hear in the dusk the picket's call;
The row-boat is moored on the shadowy shore,
The Northern saint can manage an oar,
And the boat glides fast to the south.

A healing touch and a holy drink,
A bright little heavenly knife,
And this strange Northern saint, who prays
no prayers,
Brings back the soul from the spirit-winged
stairs,
And once more Minorcan Luiz's dark eyes,
In whose depths the warmth of the tropics lies,
Rest calm on the awe-stricken wife.

"Oh, dear Northern saint! A shrine will
I build,
Wild roses I'll bring from afar,
The jessamine, orange-flower, wood-tulips
bright,
And those will I worship each morning and
night."

"Nay, nay, poor Dolores. I am but a man,
A surgeon, who binds up with what skill he can
The wounds of this heart-breaking
war.

"See, build me no shrines, but take this
small book,
And teach the brown baby to read."
He is gone; and Dolores is left on the shore,
She watches the boat till she sees it no more,
She hears the quick musketry all through the
night,
She holds fast the book in her pine-knot's red
light,
The book of the Northerner's creed.

The sad war is over, the dear peace has
come,
The blue-coated soldiers depart;
The brown baby reads the small book, and
the three
Live on in their isle in the Florida sea;
The brown baby learns many things wise and
strange,
But all his new English words never can
change
The faith of Dolores' fond heart.

A boat with a load of oranges
In a flower-decked shrine doth stand
Carved in coquina, and thither she goes,
To pray to the only real saint she knows,
The Northern surgeon in army blue;
And there she was found in this morning's dew,
Dead, with the book in her hand.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

THE HOME-HATER.

I.

SOME years ago, the steamer Dolphin, re-
turning from Liverpool, arrived off Sandy
Hook, and her approach was telegraphed
up to New York. Every thing on board be-
tokened that revival of civilized self-respect

which occurs among a company of limp and
weary Atlantic voyagers, as soon as they find
themselves entering port. The ladies, from
reclining languorously among cabin-cushions,
or on long, luxurious deck-chairs, in a variety
of makeshift costumes, now suddenly ex-
panded themselves into that rotundity of
skirt demanded by the taste of the time.
The gentlemen, on their part, appeared in
well-brushed silk hats, with gloves of a finer
quality than had sufficed in the society of
storms. One or two of them, however, had
unwisely deferred the casting of that shaggy
exterior in which they had cased themselves
during the voyage; and these now appeared
as outcasts from the polished society into
which the rest had suddenly transformed
themselves. This was the case with a cer-
tain vigorous gentleman of early middle age
(though his hair was already frosted), whom
the passengers recognized under the name
of Melthorpe, and who paced the quarter-
deck slowly, maintaining what might be called
a neutral-tinted cheerfulness, but without any
of that aspect of exuberant buoyancy which
distinguished the groups around him. In-
stead of scrutinizing the shores with a field-
glass, as some of these were doing, he seemed
to engage himself—even to the verge of af-
fectionation—with almost any other object than
that of the common interest. At one time
he stood by the stern, looking idly at the
white gulls that followed the ship, with long,
arching wings, in leisurely flight; then he
walked forward to where an open skylight
permitted a view into the engine-room below;
and there he studied the massive motions of
the machinery, as if it were a source of al-
together novel interest. Finally, he disap-
peared through the gangway, and came up
again shortly with a book. Having settled
himself firmly on a camp-stool, with his back
against the mizen-mast, and facing the east,
he began to read.

"Pshaw, Melthorpe!" said some one who
had approached, after several moments of
silent absorption on the reader's part; "I
should think, from your way of going on,
that we had just started out on our voyage,
instead of being at the last end of it."

Melthorpe looked up, bringing his fresh,
but bronzed and not very full, cheeks out of
the shadow of his soft felt hat into the light,
opposite a short and sandy-haired man of
forty-five, who had clear eyes, a somewhat
prominent nose, and a long, thin twist of red
beard growing from the chin, without any
mustache above it.

"What book is it?" continued this person.

Melthorpe held it up open before him. It
was a copy of More's "Utopia." "I never
had read it before coming aboard," he said.
"And, as I had a little time to spare now, I
thought I'd try to finish it."

"Oh, yes, I've heard of it," said the other;
then, looking into it, and, seeming to make a
discovery: "But it seems to be about some
imaginary country. You couldn't have found
any thing more inappropriate, I should think."

"Why inappropriate?" asked the indif-
ferent-seeming gentleman. "Why shouldn't
I feel as much attachment for this imaginary
country as you imagine you feel for the real
one we are coming to?"

"Nonsense!" said the sandy-haired gentleman (whose name was Thompson), looking rather grave, and yet with a good-humored gravity. "You must get rid of that sort of feeling, Melthorpe. I've known other men that got into the same way; though I swear they were none of them *quite* so far gone as you seem to be. I'll tell you what, you ought to marry. That would settle you."

Thompson spoke with all the weight accruing to any man who, having spent nearly a dozen days in mere casual good-fellowship with another, at length proves his real friendship by giving advice. Melthorpe smiled.

"I don't know that I should object to marrying," he said. "But I couldn't submit to the settling. You know, from what I have told you, what a wandering life I've led. You ought not to suppose that I could feel as if this were my home."

"Oh, well, you need taking in hand," laughed Mr. Thompson, changing his tack, and leaving grave advice to the windward. And then he seemed suddenly to perceive the vast absurdity of this little familiarity, and, without finishing his first peal, gasped out a froth laughter. "Let's see," he said, recovering himself, and looking quite red; "I haven't given you my card, have I?"

Hereupon he took out a large Russia-leather pocket-book, and handed Melthorpe a visiting-card, after scribbling his address upon it, in an agitated hand.

"You must come and see me," he said. "My wife and daughter would be delighted to meet you, I know. And, by-the-way, Meacham and I, and Foggs, the young Britisher, are going to get together for a little commemorative dinner next Thursday. I wish you would join us. Foggs is a pretty nice fellow."

"Hm—yes; good enough for an Englishman."

Thompson looked startled. "If he doesn't respect his own country," he thought, "and doesn't care for the English, what does he like?"

"Foggs seems to be well connected in his own country," he said, "although he is engaged in trade. I want to show him some attention, you see—give him an idea of good society here. You'll join us?"

"I may not be in town."

"Well, if you are, you must come."

And, with this, Mr. Thompson left his peculiar acquaintance, and went forward to observe the steamer's progress up the bay.

"Well connected," muttered Melthorpe, returning to his book; "good society." And his expression became absurdly bitter. He did not continue to read long. Curiously enough, he found his imagination busying itself with figures of Mr. Thompson's wife and daughter, who were going to be so glad to see him. Then it irritated him to think that he should occupy himself about them at all. He closed his book, and looked about him. By this time the Dolphin was drawing very near to the city. The old Battery had now come in view, with its great circular wooden building, Castle Garden, rising like a votive temple to the god of foreign immigration. Melthorpe, in his turn, went forward, and again encountered Thompson.

"What do you suppose the poor fellows that have to land there think of this glorious country?" he asked, rather sneeringly.

"I don't know," said Thompson. "But they ought to be glad enough to get ashore here anywhere. You are not an immigrant, though, Melthorpe. Haven't you any friends or associations here that appeal to you in coming back?"

"Of course I have."

The cosmopolitan ruminated for a moment, looking a little mournful. Then his face lighted with a sarcastic smile as he said: "I felt one of the benefits of home association, lately, just before I sailed. One of my compatriots was pressed for funds, and borrowed an inconveniently large sum from me—all because I was an American. Of course, there was the usual talk about remittances being delayed. But they didn't reach him before I left. And, unless the draft he saw fit to give me turns out all right, why—there's an association, you see, and a tender one!" After a pause, he continued: "America is a good country to freshen one's appetite for Europe with; that's true. I didn't care to come home this time, but I confess I needed it—I couldn't get along without it. So here I am. And, of course, I must make the best of it; see my friends; hurrah with them a little while, and then get away again."

A little steamer came out to carry the passengers ashore. As she drew into the landing-slip, between two wharves raised on gaunt and crazy posts of dark, rotting wood, encircled with slimy sea-weed, Melthorpe looked curiously at the expectant figures which stood there awaiting the landing of the travelers. They were mostly men, and these mostly wore slouch-hats, and were distinguished by an unmistakable underlying sallowness of complexion. Through an opening in the large, shed-like building that stood upon the wharf he caught sight of a group of ladies, and the soft and fragile beauty of their faces came pleasantly upon him like a memory suddenly recalled and realized. But he was too bigoted to yield himself to this delicate influence. As the boat glided up, and all these faces passed rapidly before him, he occupied himself with a dreamy feeling of wonder as to this multifarious life from which he had so long been absent, and the fringe of which he thus seemed to touch again. For the first time in his experience, too—and he had made many a landing like this before—he could not avoid thinking to himself, "There is no one waiting here for me!"

On disembarking, however, the cosmopolitan slipped adroitly away from his late companions of the voyage, and, speedily making arrangements as to his baggage, walked along the wharf toward the streets. A withering atmosphere, charged with leaking gas, the odors of imperfect sewage, and various garbage strewn along the gutters, mingled with the sour smell of a black mud that lay in a thick paste over the pavement, smote his nostrils. "The veritable New-York aroma!" he muttered, under cover of his gray mustache. "I should know it if I were suddenly transported here with my eyes shut."

Having selected a hack, he directed the driver to go to the Archipelago Hotel, a small

establishment kept on the European plan. The man answered, with a defiant air, that the charge would be three dollars. But Melthorpe only nodded quietly; and the driver relapsed into sullen satisfaction, leaped to his box with a great clatter, and whipped up the horses in an unnecessary ecstasy of violence. About half an hour after his arrival at the hotel, Melthorpe came forth rehabilitated, and smoking a flavoured cigar, procured at the office-stand, the like of which he had not tasted for five years. Assisting his progress with a cane, ornamented by a heavy ivory handle, he turned into a main thoroughfare, and walked up-town, glancing curiously, and with a half-amused air, at various buildings before and behind. "And this," he confided to himself, "is our great Broadway. What a poor, provincial sort of street it is, with its insignificant width, and its higgledy-piggledy, high and low buildings!" And this observation braced him up wonderfully, so that he smiled openly. An old acquaintance approached from the opposite direction, and passed so close that a wreath of smoke from Melthorpe's cigar touched and broke over his hat. But the man was in a hurry, and did not recognize in this pungent whiff the flavor of old companionhood. This also pleased the cosmopolitan, and he pulled away at his Havana with a new relish.

He proceeded calmly until he reached Amity Street. There he turned out of Broadway again, and came to a stand-still, agast, before a modest brick mansion which was in process of demolition. It stood in a row of similar houses, all with dusty green blinds and dingy marble facings. Once they had been the haunts of the fashionable, but now all were lapsing into decay. Already a badly-painted sign at the basement-door of one indicated that laundry-work was done there; and several slatternly women adorned the doors and windows of the street's receding vista. But this house!

"What has happened?" exclaimed Melthorpe, aloud. "Why did not mother tell me of this intended change?"

The roof was already gone, the entire front of the house had been removed, and he could distinctly see the interiors of all the rooms. That upper one was the chamber in which he had slept for years before his wanderings began, and at many an odd time since. This long apartment on the lower floor, into which he could so easily stare from where he stood, was the old drawing-room. He identified the marble-framed fireplace and the heavy gilt moulding of the walls just below the ceiling. He could almost imagine his mother sitting there again, in the dim light which had wontedly prevailed in the room, though now displaced by the declining gleam of the broad afternoon. This, indeed, was the old homestead—albeit, only a house between two other houses—and to see it thus was like seeing a ghost, or like coming suddenly upon a dear friend who must perish there before his eyes unaided.

Melthorpe had always taken pleasure in the suddenness and surprise of his movements, and had never, therefore, warned his mother of his intended returns. Yet she had generally displayed a sort of sympathetic

foreknowledge of his intention, and had never been quite unprepared for his appearance. He remembered with a sudden longing now the faint, cool light of the smile on her wrinkled cheeks, as she had greeted him so often before, and the evanescent sadness in her voice as, stroking his whitening hair, she had always said, fondly, "I thought you were coming." Had her instinctive presence failed her, then, this time? Why had she even allowed the chance of such a shock as this which had met him here? He had heard from her a week before his sailing, so that she must have sat within these walls no longer than three weeks ago. Melthorpe turned away, with a trembling in his limbs, and walked rapidly to the house of a cousin of his, a lawyer, who managed his mother's affairs.

The lawyer had just returned from his business, and received his caller in a richly-furnished but sepulchral parlor. Melthorpe noticed that, despite the gradual hardening and yellowing of his face with increasing cares and prosperity, his cousin had still maintained on either cheek, bordered by close-cut gray whiskers, a little rose of seeming good-fellowship. The sight of these insensibly encouraged him—he put aside the fears which had begun to crowd upon him.

"I called," he said, quickly, "to find out my mother's whereabouts. She has gone out of town, I suppose. Has she sold the house in—"

He paused. A peculiar look had been gathering itself in the lawyer's hard face. It was a grave and rather solicitous look, though impressing Melthorpe less with a sense of actual sympathy than surprise that so dry and self-absorbed a man should manage to look so concerned about anybody's affairs but his own. "Professional habit," reflected Melthorpe, mechanically, while his heart throbbed.

"You hadn't heard, then?" began the cousin.

Melthorpe, with a slight, involuntary raising of the eyebrows, uttered a single word.

"Dead?" said he.

Then he closed his lips, but slowly and tremulously. The lawyer bowed without speaking.

"I wrote you," he said, after a silence. "I didn't know you were returning."

"I was uncertain myself," said Melthorpe, broken and disturbed. "Dead?" he muttered, half in despair, half questioning.

He had taken his hat and was moving toward the door.

"The will was opened," said the lawyer, "of course. I would have wished to have you present, and should have deferred—"

Melthorpe hardly heard him: he hurried away in the midst. Dusk was already crumbling off the outlines of the houses when he came out, and merging all in a pervasive darkness, studded through by the long lines of lights in the street-lamps. The cosmopolitan made his way back to the hotel, only half conscious of his surroundings. When he had gained his room he found that he was biting a cigar from which the fire had vanished. He threw it away, sat down, and

stared at the carpet. The carpet irritated and rasped upon him, and so did the polished chairs, and the marble-topped table in the centre of the room. He realized the burdensomeness of upholstery. "Of what use," he asked himself, "is all this textured trapping and ponderous furniture of a life so easily made vacant and valueless?"

"Now I am an exile, indeed," he mused on. "There is nothing more to stay here for. Poor thing! how much suffering I caused her by my absences! Perhaps I should have staid with her this time, if—"

Something which he had not before noticed, lying on the marble-topped table, caught his eye. He walked across the room, and found that it was a visiting-card.

"Charley Braidwood! Well, well; isn't that all over, too? When a man's married, what is an old bachelor-chum to him then? Yes, there's nothing for me there," he repeated.

He kept the card in his hand, however, and lighted a fresh cigar. The spasmodic flame of the match seemed to throw a new glow of hope over his saddened face; and gradually this glow spread itself more widely, and settled into something like the old neutral-tinted cheerfulness.

II.

MELTHORPE'S mother lay buried in Woodlawn Cemetery. But when he found himself actually standing beside her grave, he began to see that the loss of her had not, as he had supposed, severed the last strong tie between himself and his native land. On the contrary, it now seemed to have forged a new invisible bond, stronger than any other hitherto; for, his mother's presence wanting, all of endearment which had centred in her appeared to have imbued the air of this region which she had inhabited, making it sweet and grateful to him. Little care had as yet been bestowed on the fresh mound beneath which her body rested; but Melthorpe gave directions for beautifying the spot, and resolved speedily to revisit it, in order to see that they were carried out. He returned to his hotel in a new and tender frame of mind.

But that evening, finding that, even with this consolation, the sense of his loss was eating into him too deeply, he determined to search out his friend Braidwood. He reached the street indicated upon the card, but was obliged to cross from one sidewalk to the other. In doing so, he stumbled against an ash-barrel standing out in front of one of the brown-stone mansions. He hissed out a mild malediction upon the customs of the Empire City, and looked up at the house. It was the very one he was in search of. A soft light diffused itself through the lace-embowered window, and glowed behind the russet silk that backed the glass of the street-door. He mounted the steps, rang the bell, and was admitted into the vestibule, where he heard several voices mingling spiritedly in conversation in the adjacent drawing-room. In a moment more his hand was clasped by that of his old friend.

"Melthorpe!" cried Braidwood to his wife, with an air of triumph that said plainly, "He is no myth, you see, after all!"

He turned to a brilliant blond young woman who sat near Mrs. Braidwood: "Miss Thompson," he said, "let me present to you my old friend, of whom you have heard before."

Two young men, very choicely clothed, completed the group. They bowed gracefully to Melthorpe, who returned the civility, though not without a secret contempt for the incomparable smoothness of their appearance.

"Yes," said one of them, introduced as Mr. Trimble, resuming his conversation with Miss Thompson, "the opera has been a great success this last winter."

Here Mrs. Braidwood opened upon Melthorpe.

"How glad Charles will be to have you here again!" she said. "There has hardly been a week since our marriage that he has not spoken of you over and over again."

Melthorpe allowed a surface-smile to stir his mustache, and scatter its dry light upward over his face. "Thompson!" he was saying to himself. "Can it be that fellow's daughter?"

"Ah, Mrs. Braidwood," he said, aloud; "I have no one to bear me witness that I have been as faithful to *him*. You must take that on faith. But I had been unjust enough to suppose that you would have put me out of Charley's mind altogether. You see what a jealous creature an old bachelor can become."

As he ended, he happened to glance toward Miss Thompson, who was still occupied with Trimble. As it chanced, however, she also looked toward him at the same moment, attracted by Melthorpe's emphasis on the word "bachelor." Her eyes were large and absent-looking, but Melthorpe saw into their depths for an instant, and his surface-smile faded before an expression of silent pleasure and satisfaction. "How ridiculously that young fellow leans forward, in talking to her!" he thought within himself at the same instant.

He resumed his conversation with Mrs. Braidwood. In a little while the two young men rose to say good-night. Braidwood ushered them out. As the door closed, Miss Thompson turned to the traveler.

"Do you know I have seen you before?" she said, with her brilliant and joyous eyes full upon him.

Melthorpe put his hand to his neckerchief, and fumbled at it as if it were the most troublesome thing in the world.

"Why, at this moment I—a—"

"Oh, you didn't see *me*," threw in Miss Thompson, with an unpitying gayety.

"You know," said Mrs. Braidwood, "Marian's father was a passenger on the Dolphin."

"But you—" began Melthorpe.

"I came down to meet papa at the landing."

"Oh!" said Melthorpe.

He could not, somehow, feel annoyed, although he saw that Thompson must have pointed him out to his daughter as a curiosity. At this point Braidwood returned from the hall.

"Arthur!" cried he, "you must see the babies!" But, Mrs. Braidwood looking gen-

ally averse, "They're asleep," he added. "Mustn't make any noise. Still, we can take a peep.—We'll be down presently," he said to his wife.

The cosmopolitan passed out into the hall with his friend. And, on this occasion, there is reason to believe that he so far descended from his usual eminence of easy dignity as to remove his boots from his feet, that he might tread more softly. Certain it is that the graceful youth who acted as serving-man in Braidwood's household, chancing to pass through, during Melthorpe's translation to the nursery, beheld a pair of unfamiliar boots upon the stairs—ghostly boots, standing untenanted there, and wholly unaccountable. This youth, though full of wonder, wisely restrained his professional hand from the empty boots. . . . When he went through the hall again they were gone. Poor cosmopolitan! And were these the little weaknesses that lay beneath thy apparent indifference to all emotion?

Meantime, Marian and Mrs. Braidwood had clasped each other's hands, and, with their arms thus joined, extended downward at full length, were looking into one another's eyes.

"Oh, Julia! Isn't he interesting?" exclaimed the maiden.

"Why, he's splendid, Marian, of course," sang the matron, responsive.

"It seems to me that I've always expected to see somebody like him, without quite knowing that I expected it. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know," said the other lady, less ardently. "But he doesn't disappoint me at all."

"Disappoint! I should think not."

They relinquished their hand-clasp, and sat down on a sofa together.

"But it's so sad about his mother!" Marian went on. "Don't you think he looks rather melancholy, Julia?"

"Yes; poor fellow! But why did he leave her alone in that way? It was dreadful. How can a son do so, Marian?"

And the young matron looked at her friend with a quick, prehensile agony of sympathy.

"Yes, that was dreadful," said Miss Thompson. "I don't believe I can ever, ever forgive him that."

And, having thus pronounced his doom, the young blonde sank into reverie, with, after all, a very lenient and contented smile on her face. The gentlemen came into the room again. A genial conversation followed. But at last Melthorpe prepared to go.

"Come and have a cigar," urged Braidwood.

His friend bade the ladies good-night, and followed into the smoking-room.

"What, Johannisberg!" he exclaimed, in mock astonishment, as Braidwood drew out a tall, sealed bottle from a cupboard under his bookcase. "A patriot like you ought to drink the wines of the country."

"Oh, you can have cider if you like," returned his friend; "but as for me—"

"Give me liberty or give me death," eh?" broke in the cosmopolitan. And, gaping and stretching his arms for an instant, he went

on: "Do you know, Charley, that, with all your talk about liberty, I am the freer of us two? You are just as much bound by silly convention and local traditions in this city as you could be in any out-and-out old foggydom abroad. You must have your house within certain minutes and seconds of longitude; in Thirteenth Street to-day, and in Thirtieth a few years hence; or else be proscribed. You daren't have any close association with a man unless he's in your set, or unless interest requires it. And you can't even vote for whom you want, but must stick to one party, and vote for the man they name. Liberty!"

"Oh, come, come, Melthorpe," said the other, "you need some wine."

And he applied a corkscrew to the long-necked bottle. Melthorpe picked up a pencil, and began idly scribbling on a sheet of paper that lay on the table. Presently, the delicate scent of the pale, gleaming wine which Braidwood had poured out reached him. He sipped from his glass, and continued his tirade.

"But, seriously," said he, "these class-feelings and restrictions are much more foolish here than in Europe. It's outrageous, in a republican society! If we acted up to our political and social principles in this country, I should live here; but we're going the old, wicked way of all previous societies. For my part, I would rather live among the completed ruins—the communities that have at least rotted into picturesqueness. We have their corruption, I grant you, but not their picturesqueness. This is my state of mind; and you know I am far from being an agrarian. I only want real liberty, and the simplicity which would come of it."

He took up his pencil again, and scribbled gloomily. Braidwood had produced some cigars, and, as they consumed these, the two deipnosophists proceeded to a thorough discussion of their country's affairs. Unfortunately for the public weal, their conversation cannot be distinctly reported, having been speedily enveloped in an odorous mystery of tobacco-smoke. After a time, however, the name of Miss Thompson floated forth on the beclouded air. She was, as it appeared, an old friend of Braidwood's wife, and was at present staying a few days at his house. As they ceased speaking of her for a moment, Melthorpe's eyes rested upon a little row of dried-up law-books in his friend's bookcase. They were volumes which he himself had once busily fingered, in a fitful effort to prepare himself for a fixed and steady career; and they seemed, therefore, now, in the lean jaundice of their old age, to stare down upon him reproachfully. Mollified by wine and smoke, Melthorpe allowed himself to wonder dreamily what would have become of him if he had maintained his devotion to their dry wisdom. Where would he have been now? Instead of a homeless, loveless wanderer, might he not—? And here it happened they spoke further of Miss Thompson.

The next day, Melthorpe remembered the dinner to which Thompson had invited him. At first he was inclined to go; then he experienced a doubt about it, and dallied so long that he only started at the last moment for the

restaurant at which Thompson had appointed the meeting. He arrived too late, and, seeing Thompson, Meacham, and Foggs, sitting together at a table not far from one of the windows on the ground-floor, and making very merry, he watched them moodily for a moment or two, and then withdrew. "They have forgotten me," he thought. But, being in the streets about two hours afterward, he suddenly encountered Thompson, as that worthy was returning home.

"Why didn't you join us?" asked the hospitable man. "We had a glorious good time; and I think you made a mistake in not coming." But, abruptly changing his tone: "Oh, yes," he said, "I forgot you had craped on your hat. I knew it; I ought to have remembered. You must excuse me, Melthorpe."

"Certainly," answered the latter; and they parted. "Excuse him!" he muttered. "He thinks it of great importance to be excused. But I might have expected these rough allusions from him. I might have known he would trample over me with his dull hoofs. Though I suppose he means well."

He resolved to avoid Braidwood's house until after the close of Miss Thompson's visit. He conceived a sudden, unreasonable resentment toward her. He could not tell why. But it was only on the following day that, having jumped into an omnibus for a drive up-town, and having allowed his ears to be deafened for a time by the multitudinous rattling of its windows, the cosmopolitan extricated himself from his situation in a rage, and betook himself to a street-car going in the same direction. This car he boarded while in full motion, but he had not gone far with it before he descried two ladies on a corner of the street vainly endeavoring to attract the eye of the conductor, who was engaged in profound study of some dirty currency in his hand. Melthorpe jerked the bell-strap angrily, and sat down, with a rising color. The two ladies made their way to the car, and entered: they were Braidwood's wife and Miss Thompson! Miss Thompson carried a bundle, wrapped in thin paper, through which Melthorpe unavoidably perceived that it consisted of a large bouquet of flowers. As the ladies recognized him, Marian's color heightened so that she opposed to the cosmopolitan's flush of irritation a sudden bloom of embarrassment. Melthorpe offered his place, and hung over them, talking, upheld by a providential hand-rest. They passed the railroad-depot from which he had taken the train to Woodlawn a few days before. He saw Marian look at her companion expectantly, as he thought. But Mrs. Braidwood remained placidly unmoved. Nevertheless, Melthorpe became possessed with the feeling that his presence in some way troubled the two ladies. He made a pretense of examining through the window the neighborhood through which they were passing, and, exclaiming, "I must get off here!" took his leave of them at once.

The circumstance remained in his mind all day. As the scene came up in his memory, too, he was deeply impressed with Miss Thompson's rich, abundant beauty. Still, he remained firm in his determination not to call

at Braidwood's. For two days he occupied himself variously, getting more and more out of sorts all the time. He called at the office of his lawyer-cousin, and found that his mother's property had been chiefly divided between certain poor relatives, with the exception of a fair, round sum to the executor, in consideration of long services. Melthorpe had, indeed, always counseled his mother to take no heed of himself in any disposition of her affairs; the property he had acquired in China and the West Indies, at the outset of his rambling career, being sufficient for his needs. But enough passed to him in cash to meet his immediate necessities, which were not large; and he put off cashing the check which his worthy compatriot had given him, disliking to carry about him so large a sum as that for which it was drawn. These weighty matters disposed of, he began to repent of his resolution not to visit the Braidwoods. He confessed to himself that he ought to see Charley again; but he would not, he thought, call at the office, for that would only interrupt his work. In the meanwhile, he took the train again for Woodlawn. He found every thing arranged in the manner he had prescribed; and a beautiful bunch of flowers from the hot-house had been set into the foot of the mound, on the sides of which the early grass had begun to spring. "Who can have done this?" cried Melthorpe.

He went to the custodian of the cemetery. That functionary knew nothing of the flowers. A gap-toothed Irish laborer, standing by, suggested that "perhaps it was the lady's friends," and looked at Melthorpe thoughtfully as he spoke, from under a ragged eyebrow. Her friends! Melthorpe remembered how few she had had. Then, as he went away, his mind recurred to the question, who it might be that had brought these blossoms.

He called at Braidwood's in the evening. His friend excused himself on the plea of having letters to write, and left him with the ladies. Melthorpe was torpid, and Mrs. Braidwood suggested a game of cards between himself and Marian.

"Do you know solitaire?" asked Marian.

"No; I never had the patience," he said.

"Never played solitaire?" asked the housewife, deep in some embroidery.

"Oh, you must be taught at once, then," cried Marian. "I know the very game Napoleon invented, when he was a prisoner in the fortress of Ham."

"Ugh!" grumbled Melthorpe. "Always something European." And, turning to Mrs. Braidwood, "It's very strange," he said, "that I should be so reproached by my friends here for my foreign predilections. I find you all just as fond of un-American things as I am; only, it suits your tastes and convenience to remain here, while—"

"There, you see how I spread the cards out," said Marian, recalling him. "Come, sir, you will never learn unless you give your mind to it."

Melthorpe at once became docile; and Mrs. Braidwood was wholly neglected after this. Something in the situation, however, seemed to please her: perhaps it was the being left to pursue her embroidery uninterrupted. Yet her mind could not have been

altogether centred upon this, for she more than once let the needle rest in the bright-stitched stuff, and looked for a moment silently upon the two heads that bent plotting over the game. All at once, when Melthorpe was deep in the idle science of the cards, Mr. Trimble was announced. He entered, stepping softly in patent-leather boots, and wearing fawn-colored trousers. In his hand he carried a roll of music.

"Ah, you have brought those notes of 'Trovatore'?" said Marian, turning for a moment from the outspread cards. Melthorpe instantly gathered them all up, frowning slightly at the same time.

"Do you give it up?" asked Mrs. Braidwood, surprised, and apparently not altogether pleased with Melthorpe's impetuosity.

"Yes. If you'll pardon me, I'd like to speak with Braidwood one moment."

Marian looked around upon him.

"You've spoiled our solitaire!" she exclaimed. He did not look directly at her, but simply bowed and went out of the room.

"Braidwood," he said, as he entered the smoking-den where his friend was writing, "I wanted to speak to you about something, old fellow." He looked at him warmly.

"What do you mean?" asked Charley, a little puzzled by Melthorpe's manner.

"Why, I went up to Woodlawn to-day."

"Oh," said his friend, a little more puzzled.

Melthorpe looked at him again quickly, and hesitated. A doubt had entered his mind. Was it Braidwood, after all, who had left the flowers at his mother's grave? He took a cigar and lit it. Braidwood did the same. They then began to puff slowly at each other; Melthorpe standing with his arm against the mantel—his friend sitting in his revolving chair, and looking expectant.

"Well," resumed Melthorpe, "I found some one had been there before me."

"What are you driving at?" asked Braidwood, somewhat bluntly.

At that moment the voice of Marian, who was singing from "Trovatore," in the drawing-room, penetrated into their retreat. Melthorpe paused and listened. Braidwood settled himself more firmly in his chair, with a slight look of ruffled patience, and gazed alternately at the glowing end of his cigar, and the abstracted countenance of his friend.

"Who is that young Trimble?" asked Melthorpe, suddenly, as if nothing had been said.

"Oh, a young salesman in one of our large dry-goods houses. Stands well with his firm, I believe. Rich father. Thompson knows him better than I do."

"Does Miss Thompson remain some time with you, Charley?"

"No; she's going to-morrow."

"I'm glad of it."

"Why so? I rather thought you would like her, Arthur."

"Every time I've been here, Charley, so far, that young Trimble has been here, too; and I'm tired of him, I'll tell you plainly. When Miss Thompson goes, I imagine he'll remember that his calling-obligations in this quarter have been fulfilled; and I sha'n't have to stumble upon him in this way whenever I come to see you."

"Whenever! You've only been twice, as it is, my dear fellow. Oho! I see how it is. There's one too many in the field?" said Braidwood, laughing.

"What do you mean?" blustered Melthorpe, fumbling with a match-box on the mantel. "You know I'm past that sort of joke."

But Braidwood only laughed again, and Melthorpe could not conceal that he was somewhat confused. In going out, he only looked into the drawing-room to say good-night to the ladies. Marian was still at the piano. She was flushed with the excitement of singing; but, although she looked at the departing visitor spiritedly, there was also, as he fancied, something of languor and sadness about her eyebrows.

As he walked to his hotel that night, Melthorpe's thoughts reverted persistently to the game of solitaire. He was astonished at himself when he recalled the interest he had taken in learning it. How excited he had been when he saw a desirable move to be made! What platitudes had he not uttered in praise of Marian's ingenuity, and of the game itself! Then his reverie took another turn, and he said to himself that there had been an unconscious symbolism in it all. "Yes," he declared, "she has given me the clew to the rest of my life; it is to be one long game of solitaire, I suppose. Trimble steps in, just as I have become interested in the game, with somebody else; and so I go off, admirably instructed how to pass the remainder of my days. But what could have put that into my head about the flowers when I heard her singing?"

G. P. LATHROP.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

THE EASTERN PENITENTIARY.

THE Eastern Penitentiary is one of the two State penal institutions of Pennsylvania, and is situated in the western part of Philadelphia. It has a world-wide reputation as being the sole prison wherein the "separate system" is practised. There is a companion-prison on the other side of the Alleghanies, but in it the "separate system" that was once used has given way to the "congregate system," a system similar to that employed in the prisons of New York.

The difference between the two plans not being clearly understood, it is necessary to explain that the "separate system" is that by which the prisoners are treated individually, in contradistinction to the "congregate system," by which they are permitted to work and eat all together, or in groups of from twenty to fifty each. The "separate system" is often called the "solitary system," but unjustly. A prisoner is put in "solitary," for punishment, under all systems. The "separate system," in theory, is one in which the convict is kept separate from his fellows for the entire period of his incarceration. He is not allowed to see another prisoner, or to hold communication with any persons, except those who visit him for purposes of instruction.

tion or condolence. He eats, sleeps, labors, exercises, and, in effect, lives entirely, within the walls of his cell, until the time comes for him to depart from it finally, be it two years, or ten, or twenty.

The Pennsylvania idea—i. e., the "separate system"—has been, for the last half-century, the subject of much debate; and the eyes of all students of the problems that have arisen out of the treatment of the criminal classes have been turned curiously, and generally with apprehension, upon this one complete exponent of this strange plan.

It is a fair commentary upon the real value of the Eastern Penitentiary that not one of the numberless prisons that have since arisen all over the country has been modeled upon it.

The briefest study of it, the most casual examination that one can make of its real working, shows it to be a failure, and a failure, too, in a most important direction. No one can doubt that the prison is conducted with the greatest integrity; but that such integrity should, for half a century, be content with so little fruit, is indeed a mystery.

Before entering upon any detail of the working of the system, it may be best to describe the prison itself.

The Penitentiary Building is in itself a fitting portent of the pains and lessons to be felt within its boundaries. Its façade is gloomy and mournful beyond description.

A few brief extracts from an article written fifty years ago may serve to convey to the reader's mind a picture of the outer structure. The front is composed of large blocks of hewn and squared granite. The walls are twelve feet thick at the base, and diminish to the top, where they are two feet and three-quarters thick. They are thirty-six feet high. At each angle of the wall is a tower, from which one may overlook the establishment. The façade is six hundred and seventy feet in length. The central portion is two hundred feet in width, and consists of two massive, projecting towers, fifty feet high, crowned by projecting, embattled parapets supported by pointed arches resting on corbels, or brackets. In the towers are pointed, mullioned windows. On either side of this main building are screen-walls, which appear to constitute portions of the main edifice; they are pierced with small, blank, pointed apertures, and their extremities are high, octagonal towers, terminating in parapets pierced by embrasures.

The curtain between the towers is forty-one feet high, and is finished in merlons. The windows in it are very lofty and narrow.

The gate-way in the centre is enormous. As you turn the corner of the street, on your approach, your eye at once singles out this tremendous portal, even while you are astonished at the sombre and awful aspect of the whole.

The dismal walls, colored by storms, and fabricated after the pattern of mediæval fortresses, infamous perhaps for the horrors that have taken place within them, look down upon you with sinister grandeur. Above you, to the height of eighty feet, rises the stone battlemented tower in which hangs the alarm-bell.

This formidable structure suggests to you,

even free and innocent as you are, secrecy, iron rule, perpetuity, force, silence. How suddenly must the heart of a convict sink when his gaze rests for the first time upon such a home as this!

I have said that you immediately notice the entrance-door. Perhaps it is because its green color, in the midst of so much that is sombre, seems brilliant. It is twenty-seven feet high and fifteen feet wide, and above it is a huge, wrought-iron portcullis. The oaken panels are thickly studded with bolts, and they look strong enough to withstand a battery.

For a moment you see no method of entering the great castle. There are no faces at the long, barred windows, and there is no guard to be seen upon the parapets or turrets. All is sealed against egress and ingress, and the Pyramids of Egypt do not seem more lonely than does this prison-front in the city's midst.

But presently you perceive, amid the iron bolt-heads, a small bell-handle of polished brass. You pull this, and in a moment you hear steps approaching over the stone floor. There is a loud rattle of a key in a lock, a clanking of iron that resounds and echoes, and then a very small wicket, cut in the great gate, is opened before you. You lower your head, step over a high sill, draw your shoulders together, and pass through the aperture. You find yourself in a wide, vaulted chamber, whose walls are composed of the masonry of the towers. On either hand, in the shadow, you see steps leading upward, and doors opening into various apartments. The place is cool and dark. Before you is a small door of grated iron painted black. Through it you see the yard of the prison filled with sunlight.

On stepping into this yard, you see a collection of low stone buildings set apparently without order. You walk up a broad, flagged path, which is lined on either side with parterres of grass planted with shrubs and adorned with flowers.

You find yourself surrounded with low walls, in which are endless rows of small brown doors tightly closed, long roofs broken by numberless apertures in at which the air passes, and continuous paths, made like all other paths for men to walk in.

But no one is to be seen. The place is deserted. Here are shelter, security, convenience, air, light, but no people. You hear no noise. Here is a village, but no inhabitants. There are no sounds of labor; no beating of hammers, no roar of wheels, and no rumble of looms. All is light, quiet, and fearfully strong. At the end of the path is an octagonal central building surmounted by a lantern, whose huge silver eyes give out dazzling lights even in the daytime.

You enter this building, and, when you reach an iron disk in the centre of the floor, you look around and see seven doors. Each of these opens into a very long white gallery.

On either side of each of these galleries is a row of small yellow doors, fitted with locks, bars, and hooks. In the aggregate these doors number five hundred and sixty. Still, were it not for two or three men sitting or strolling in the rotunda, one might

yet fancy himself alone. The quiet is almost absolute. Yet within a stone's-throw, behind the doors of the five hundred and sixty cells, are six hundred and thirty-six people.

Each of these corridors is contained within a separate building, and of the seven buildings three are but one story in height. The cells that are contained in these, and also those in the lower story of the four remaining buildings, have attached to them small yards fourteen feet long by eight feet wide, surrounded by a wall eleven feet high.

All the other cells, two hundred and thirty in number, have no yards.

The rule of the prison is, that each convict, to whose cell is attached a yard, may go into it for three-quarters of an hour on each day. All those, however, that live in the upper tiers do not stir foot without their doors until they are finally discharged.

Each cell combines in itself a chamber and a workshop. The prisoner sleeps in the presence of his tools and his bench, and labors all day long in the vicinity of his bed. He goes from one to the other with four or five steps, and the journeys between them constitute the main events of his life.

When a prisoner is brought here he is led into a reception-room, where he goes through the regular processes—the bathing, the registering, and the exchange of clothing. (The prison-suit consists of coarse brownish cloth.) He is blinded by a bag, which is thrown over his head, and is then led to the cell prepared for him. The bag is then removed, and he finds himself in the midst of the only scene that he can behold until the time comes for his final release.

Coarse work is given him to do, and an instructor visits him just often enough to teach him the quickest and handiest method of doing it. He reads a printed copy of the rules, is shown his water-faucet, his eating utensils, and his library-slate, and then is left alone.

His cell, if it be in one of the upper ones, will be ten and a half feet long, seven feet wide, and about fourteen feet high. It will contain, besides his work-bench, an iron pipe, through which steam is conveyed in winter, for heating purposes, a gas-jet, a small table, a box attached to the wall, a bed, a stool, and a shelf. Thus, he will find all his wants provided for. He may eat, sleep, walk, rest, muse, labor, exercise—in fact, do all reasonable things within a space as large as a box-stall.

To keep him busy, he is provided with a regular stint of work. So much material is passed in to him, and he is required to form it into certain marketable shapes within certain hours. If he fails, certain penalties, such as deprivation of some articles of food, or the withdrawal of certain privileges, are imposed upon him.

If he happens to have near relatives—a mother, perhaps, or wife and children—he is allowed to receive visits from them once in three months; if not, he finds himself entirely quit of the world and all its belongings.

If he be ignorant; if he cannot read or write, an instructor, in course of time, supplies him with knowledge. If he does know

how to read and write, the instructor has nothing more to teach him. All those that know a very little are left alone with their accomplishments.

If a prisoner has any complaint to make against an overseer, he may state it (*vide* "Rules") to the warden or inspector; if against the warden, to an inspector. It is to be hoped that this is satire. A convict complain of a warden! It would be the same if a private, who differed with his colonel, should speak to the general of the brigade.

Nothing is more satisfying to a kindly-disposed man than the report of the officers of a penal institution. Not that all such reports or statements are deliberately toned for the eyes of the uninstructed, but it is too often the case that the light is massed, so to speak; and, when this is done, it requires some little discernment to see facts in their proper proportions.

It is contended, to embrace the terrible fault in a single remark, that the prisoners in this penitentiary are secluded and immured to an extent that is not only cruel and dangerous to themselves, but that renders profitless the whole institution, viewed as a corrective.

Now, one who has read a pamphlet written in 1872 by a gentleman widely and justly respected for his philanthropic endeavors, in which is described this penitentiary, together with its history, its rise, and its present methods, would be likely to turn to a page whereon is printed a part of the "Basis of the Discipline," and quote: "For the three past years, to fourteen hundred and ninety-five prisoners, twenty thousand three hundred lessons were given by secular teachers, instructing those that were illiterate.

"The whole number of lessons given by the moral instructor was twenty-four thousand two hundred and ninety-six, besides ten hundred and eighty-nine Sunday exercises on the Sundays of those years.

"The officers, warden, physician, moral instructors and teachers, and overseers in charge, have constant intercourse with the prisoners.

"The Prison Society has a visiting committee, which occupies itself with visits to the prisoners."

These four paragraphs seem to say a great deal that must disarm criticism. They contain the very best facts that can be put forward, and, of course, are perfectly true; that is, the measure of the truth that they contain is of the pure kind. Nothing more, in this direction, can be said. These visits, together with the quarterly calls of relatives and those of instructors, are the sole ones that the convicts receive.

To discover the real meaning, or rather the real weight, of the information conveyed in these paragraphs, it is necessary only to use a little arithmetic. Divide 20,300, which represents the number of secular lessons given, by 1,495, which represents the number of prisoners treated, and then subdivide the quotient obtained by 3, which figure represents the number of years employed in the exhibit, and you will get as a result, 4+.

This product of the calculation shows that, if the favors were equally distributed, each

man in the prison was visited by a gentleman bearing a primer and a multiplication-table four times a year, or once a quarter.

To be a little more exact: the statistics show that about forty per cent. of the prisoners needed this grade of instruction. A moment's use of the pencil will prove that each one of these, were he equitably treated, received lessons at the rate of 11+ each year, or less than one for each month. Or, supposing each man received his visits consecutively, he then saw his instructor every day for thirty days; but, for the remaining 2½ years, he did not see him at all.

Now take the figures which represent the number of the ministrations of the moral instructor, and subject them to the same division and subdivision, you will find the result will be 5½+. This indicates the number of moral lessons received by each prisoner during each of the three years. It is to be supposed that every man, ignorant or not, was the recipient of these favors; for this reason it is fair to make an average in the reckoning.

The paragraph states, also, that the prisoners were given 1,089 Sunday exercises on the Sundays of those years. The way in which these exercises were and are still conducted is a curious one. The outer door of each of the cells is opened six inches, and then is fastened in that position by the use of an iron hook. The prisoner, sitting behind the grating, can see no one. At the end of each of the seven corridors stands a minister, who utters his prayer, reads his hymns, and delivers his sermon, at the same time that six other ministers are going through the same performance. If we divide the number 1,089 by 3, and then by 7, which represents the number of corridors, we shall see that each man is elevated by one of these heart-felt proceedings just once each week.

The third of the four paragraphs is very misleading. The officers see prisoners only in case of special need, and their visits are almost always for disciplining purposes. The warden, charged with the highest duties connected with the general conduct of the great prison, is rarely permitted to interest himself in the cases of individuals. The physician's calls have no more significance, in a consolatory sense, than do the visits of the hair-cutter. It has been shown how often the moral and secular instructors appear to each man. The overseers in charge do nothing but to show the prisoners how to perform their tasks. The "visiting committee" of the Prison Society consists of but one person, a gentle and kindly man, whose contest against the aggregation of rampant sin resembles the labor of a mouse to devour an elephant.

Before dwelling upon the significance of the hints that thus appear, perhaps it would be well to describe briefly a few visits made by the writer among the cells of the prisoners in this penitentiary. While it would be wrong to attempt to embellish any such description, it would be equally wrong to suppress any thing that may have aroused the sympathies, or have added a pathetic significance to a scene. It would be quite as unjust to endeavor to excite the readers' sor-

row or indignation by any over-elaboration, as it would be to check their natural pity by statements that are too cold or too scant. The visitor in a jail perceives the terrors of the place from practically the same standpoint with the prisoner; that is, in a group of three the visitor and the convict alone are able to discern the true and awful character of a cell and a lock, while a turnkey or an inspector is lost to all appreciation, and possesses little but a threadbare and colorless sentiment.

The first cell that we (the prison agent and the writer) entered contained two men. The fact that this and others each contained two men instead of one, might well be employed to prove that the prison is nullifying its own attempts to be of benefit to the community, inasmuch as it is one of its cardinal principles to treat each individual separately, and according to his idiosyncrasies; but to deal with the matter so would be unjust, for the reason that this "doubling" is made in consequence of lack of room, a fault that does not, of course, bear upon the theory upon which the institution is conducted.

The men were turners. They were employed in making stone-cutters' mallets for the use of some workmen who were chiseling granite in the yard without. Their work-bench and lathe stood against the wall opposite the door, and they had clearly been at work side by side when the clatter of the bolts of the outer door aroused them. They turned around. Both were men of over thirty years of age, and both had the demeanor of men of seventy. Their faces were very pale, and they were thin, though not excessively so. Their eyes were lustreless, and they moved tardily and with irresolution; when their glances fell upon us they rested for a bare instant only, and then wandered off again. Their shoulders drooped, as if they bore before them, in their hands, a great weight. There is no part of the body, not even the face itself, that is so capable of proving an absence of all heart and spirit as this part when in such a position.

The chests of the men were narrow and sunken. It was impossible that either of them ever drew a long breath. They respired according to the bare necessities of life, and no more. Indeed, so close together were the four stone-walls that it seemed a robbery to inhale enough.

The hair upon their heads was long and disheveled, and one of them wore a reddish beard, which descended upon his breast. Both wore whitish shirts, considerably soiled by the wood-dust, coarse, brown pantaloons, and slippers of cloth.

The agent, with his tall hat and fine, long coat, stood between them and asked a few questions: "What are you doing now?" "How many have you made?" "Does the wood work well?" The answers were returned in a slow and hesitating way by the man with the beard. His voice was husky and very low. His manner of pronunciation suggested that he was accustomed to talk very little.

The other man stood aside with his long, talon-like hands upon his hips, and with his pallid and vacant face turned, without the

least trace of curiosity or interest, upon the pair before him.

We left the cell after five minutes. As we crept out at the narrow door through the immense stone-wall—and we had to bend so much that we found it difficult to keep our bodies balanced—the two prisoners gazed after us, still retaining their old positions. When the inexorable lock in the grating fell into its place, both of them nodded slowly, and said, half aloud, "Good-by!"

As the outer door closed, they turned to their labor once again, and we left them bending over their whirling lathe.

The next cell contained a cigar-maker. He was a very small man, with large, dark eyes, and with a rough growth of black beard upon his marble face.

The sides of his room were piled with empty boxes that he was to fill, and upon a small bench near by was a heap of cigars that he had just made. He was alone. He had no company save his task. When that was finished, he could take refuge in sleep. He said only one thing. The agent was explaining to the writer the cause of the accumulation of material, and, after he had quite finished, the prisoner, who was leaning upon his bench, awoke from a semi-lethargy into which he had fallen, and said, quickly:

"Yes, the market for cigars is rather dull just now."

The end of this speech was much lower in tone, and much slower than its beginning. Long before he finished he seemed to remember that we must have asked ourselves how much he could have known about markets and demands. He then stammered an addendum in a whisper:

"At any rate, they—they say so."

He passed his stained hand over his beard; and, casting a furtive glance at us, timidly stepped aside so that we might look at his rolling-boards.

Few things could have been more significant of the whole meaning of his imprisonment than that brief allusion to the world, and then his quick disclaimer of his own vain attempt to appear to know any thing at all about it.

He had been separated from his fellow-men for many years, and was still to be so separated for many years more. He knew absolutely nothing of their doings, and the little weak pleasure of pretending for an instant that he did was at once overwhelmed (and too sorrowfully) by the gloom of his position.

The third cell was occupied by two shoemakers.

Both of these men were even more pallid and more feeble than the two that we had already seen.

One of them, with a smile that was far too eager, hurried forward from the rear of the cell, and, as we emerged from the cramped door-way, extended his long arm and gave us, one after the other, a thin hand, that was fairly wet with perspiration. The writer doubts if he will ever be permitted to forget the terrible combination of pallor, ugliness, exhaustion, and gayety, that existed for the moment in the small features of that man.

After having begged us to sit down upon

one of the two cots that were in the cell, he hastened back to his work-bench, and, seizing a last and a hammer, began to work with great vigor. He was engaged in putting together the several parts of a lady's boot. The other prisoner, timid and entirely silent, hung back like a school-boy, and seemed to entertain a brooding distress on account of our presence. The agent made some slight remark that contained the barest hint of humor.

The boot-maker at once burst into a loud laugh, and clapped his hand upon his knee. This outburst startled the other prisoner, and into his vacant face there stole a faint smile, that faded, however, almost immediately.

The agent said a little more. Each ally of his provoked the same boisterous fun.

The cell is warmed in winter by steam, which is forced through a two-inch iron pipe. This pipe crosses the cell midway between the entrance and the opposite wall. The agent's gaze happened to fall upon this pipe, which was raised an inch from the floor. It reminded him of an incident in prison-life, and he related it.

"It is often the case," said he, "that a man, when he has finished his work, gets up, and, folding his arms, walks up and down his cell for hours together. He marches the entire length one way, and then, turning, marches back again. Now, a poor boy that I knew—and a right good boy he was—had a pipe that crossed his cell-floor just as this pipe crosses this"—the agent pointed to the obstruction, and both the prisoners followed his eyes with their own—"when he walked he used to take three paces, stop, raise his foot, step over the pipe, and then take three more steps, which brought him to the end of his cell. Then he would march back again in the same way, step over the pipe once more, and then go on. He used to do that every day, and for years and years. A little while ago the term for which he was sentenced expired. I happened to go into the rotunda on the day that he was to be released, and he was there. What do you suppose he was doing?" The agent looked at the two convicts with a benign countenance. One of them was heedlessly staring at the opposite wall, while the other, with parted lips and with his broad hammer poised, awaited an answer.

"He was walking up and down in that great place," said the agent, "just as he had walked in his cell for so long a time. He took three steps, raised his foot, stepped over an imaginary pipe, took three more steps, turned, came back, and stepped over the pipe once more. 'Why, David,' said I, 'you're crazy. There's nothing in the way now! You are free, man. There's no steam-pipe there, can't you see?' He stopped and looked down, then he laughed at himself, and said:

"I don't quite understand it yet, sir, that's a fact.' But in a moment he was at it again, with his arms folded tightly over his chest, still poising and still stepping over the ghost of the pipe."

The conclusion of this story was a signal for another loud and long laugh from the boot-maker, and he declared that this incident was too good to be kept. He fell to his work

again with tears of mirth flowing out of his eyes, while his mate stared blankly upon the gentleman who had been the cause of so much pleasure.

From this cell we went to a fourth.

No doubt you have walked in cemeteries between two long rows of tombs, whose dark and massive fronts, with their bolted doors, have filled you with emotions that your thought has been too weak to formulate, even to yourself. You have falteringly admitted that the loneliness of the sepulchres is consonant with death; that the silent heart of your friend, thus enveloped in silence, is happily secluded, even from yourself. You have passed, perhaps, on all sides of one of these tombs, and have examined it. You have found no method of entrance or of exit save the door, and this is tightly sealed. It has caused you no revulsion to find that this is so. You have not been surprised even. The thick walls, the great roof, the iron clamps, have not aroused you; on the contrary, the repose of their strength has seemed in sympathy with the repose of the frailty within.

But suppose, upon opening the door of this tomb, you had seen in a semi-light a man sitting upon a bench, bending his back and his neck, now extending his arms to the uttermost, and now drawing them in; and suppose that you had been told that that man, possessing muscles and a brain like your own, had been there for ten years, and had never, in all that time, placed a foot without the door of that tomb, what would you have said? Suppose you had there been told that *all* the tombs within the reach of your eyes were occupied not by the dead, as you had supposed, but by the living, what would you have said to that?

It is likely that you would have been able to utter a fitting syllable in the last case than in the first. The occupant of the fourth cell was just such a man, who lived under just such circumstances. We entered his tomb from out the silent corridor, just as we would have entered a sepulchre from out a silent pathway.

He arose to meet us, and quietly gave us a hand, and then sat down again.

The agent told the writer that the man was to be released in six months. He had lived in this cell for nine years and a half. The man still beat upon the sole of the shoe that he was making, and said nothing for several minutes.

Then he looked up and asked the agent, with that over-deferential tone that characterized the prisoners we had already seen:

"Have you had a chance to see the warden, sir? I mean about those things that he was to get me?"

"Yes—yes!" responded the agent, somewhat ill at ease. "Yes, I've seen him, though he's very busy just now. But it will be all right—yes, I'm sure it will be all right!"

"I hope so!" added the convict, shaking his head doubtfully. "You know I'm going out, and I shall want something new to put on. Now, about those underclothes. I've spoken to the warden myself about them. But he hasn't got 'em yet. I think it's very strange. It will be November when I quit this place, and the warden knows it—and

still he is hanging back. And about the boots, sir?"

"Oh," replied the agent, "you'll get them in good time if the warden thinks that you need them."

"I'm afraid," returned the prisoner, "that I shall need 'em. The old ones must be rotten by this time. It's almost ten years now since I had 'em on, and they must be full of holes. Ten years, sir—I was a boy then; but you'll speak to the warden, sir, won't you? He's a good man, but it seems to me that he's acting in a strange way about those—yes, yes, it's queer—mighty queer!"

The agent pacified him a little, but it was singular to notice what little value he (the prisoner) placed on the length of the time that must yet elapse before he could depart. He seemed to believe the final day imminent, and was anxious and fretful full half a year before it could in reality come to pass.

The warden of the penitentiary, in place of the agent, conducted the writer to the next cell.

"We will not go in," said the warden; "we will merely open the outer door and look through the iron grating. This man is a weaver. You will see him at work."

The exhibition was made under these conditions: the writer bent down and peered through the small, square apertures between the bars, and beheld, at the farther end of a small cell, the dim figure of a man seated upon a high bench before a loom. The loom was seven feet high, and perhaps six feet wide. The convict was between it and the wall on the left. He was working the treadles of the loom with his feet, and adjusting the upper portions with his hands. Its rolling drums and loosely-connected joints made a soft noise, and the tardy play of the shuttle made a clicking sound. The screen of the warp-threads could just be seen, and the knotted thongs, that did duty for wheelstraps, crept slowly around, and seemed to intermingle with each other.

The convict-weaver was a small man with a half-grown beard of black, and he wore the prison-shirt and pantaloons. He said nothing, for nothing was said to him. Neither did he stop for an instant in his work. The loom was nothing more or less of a piece of mechanism than he was. Had one never seen a man before, he would have found it hard to decide which of the present pair of structures was the human being and which the machine. This man was serving a long sentence.

When the writer withdrew from the iron grating, the warden said this to him, almost word for word:

"You see that he is not very badly off. He has his stint of work to do, and he is compelled, of course, under penalties, to do it. But we don't insist that he shall do it all at once. He can stop at any time. He can get up and walk about. We don't require him to work steadily, and he may rest whenever he chooses. He can go and lie down. He can go from one side of the cell to the other. You see that he has plenty of exercise, for he is constantly moving his arms and his legs. And should he like to perform any gymnastic feats, he can perform

them on the braces of his loom—they are strong enough."

Now, the writer begs that the reader will pause here for a moment, and endeavor to throw off any sense of anger or resentment that the few bare descriptions of belongings of this penitentiary may have aroused, and then try to calculate fully and fairly the true meaning of this simple utterance of the warden.

Remember they are not the words of a keeper, or of a guard, or of a missionary, or of a layman, or of any one whose knowledge of prison discipline is imperfect, or whose utterance is in any way irresponsible; on the contrary, they convey the sentiments of one profoundly versed in penology—a man whose life has been devoted to a seeking of the right way, and who is thought to devise the most practical plans for following in that way. He is said to be one of the gentlest and most God-fearing of men, and none who have dealt with him will ever gainsay it.

Yet it is contended, and upon the authority of his own words quoted above, that there exists, in his appreciation of his own high calling, a terrible and portentous deficiency.

Let us go quickly over the whole ground.

Here is a huge prison conducted upon a plan that is the result, perhaps, of more painstaking and earnest thought than any in the country.

Its first purpose is to punish criminals. Its second is to reform them.

In a copy of the "History of the Prison," given to the writer by the warden, the words which set forth this second intent are underlined with a stroke of the pen. Any one who had not examined the actual working of the prison would have felt great gratification on seeing this mark, inasmuch as he would have deemed it an indication that the reform of the culprit is an active element in the prison policy.

The penitentiary contains to-day six hundred and twenty-eight men and eight women, convicted for all sorts of crimes, and sentenced for terms of all lengths, from one year upward. These men and women, having no more brass and iron in their corporeal frames than innocent people have, are put into very small stone rooms, and are made to stay there.

All the statistics in the world to the contrary, it remains patent that such treatment is ruinous to health. You would not treat your birds so, or your dogs, or your horses. Fresh air, sunlight, movement, are necessary to all creeping, flying, and walking things. Invalids, strong men, plants, beasts, all fall when deprived of these prime necessities.

By what manner of reasoning, then, do you suppose that the framers of a prison policy arrive at a justification of shutting some six hundred people in separate cells, where the air is filled with the odors of workbenches, beds, and mess-pans, and where there is no sunlight save a patch fifteen by five inches for an hour or two each day, and where there can be no movement save short promenades like that melancholy one described a moment ago.

It is often said that the death-rate in the

penitentiary is no greater, in proportion, than that of any community outside. Be this as it may—though it is doubted—the writer believes, from what he accidentally saw, that there could not be paraded a more wan, hapless, and ill-preserved six hundred in any city than could be turned out of this penitentiary. The circumstances under which they live demand that they be wan, hapless, and ill-preserved. It is impossible that they should be otherwise.

The interference of the penitentiary with the rights that Nature grants her children for their well-being is a crime a thousand times greater than all the crimes which it seeks to punish; and, when the chief officer of such an institution finds himself able to say honestly what he did say to the writer, then it is high time affairs there should be turned upside-down.

Now, about reform. What is reform? Reform in a criminal is a change for the better in his spiritual condition. It is a thing of delicate growth, and, of all transformations, it requires the most tender and watchful care to effect.

Healthy reformation can only develop out of a working mind. Regrets, resolves, determinations, repentings, are not reformations. Do the minds in the Eastern Penitentiary work? Are they animated, alive, sensitive?

No, they are not.

They obtain no sustenance. To be sure, the convicts read books, but that does not teach them. They are never told of higher grades of knowledge; they are not taught any thing; their groping minds are provided with nothing to wonder at, to admire, or to reverence. Of all the immense stores of simple learning that the world abounds with, none falls to them in the barren dreariness of their wretched cells. They are left alone with their ignorance and their ill-health.

How is it about religious instruction and moral support?

In order that every man may be sustained in his sorrows, soothed in his moments of anger and despair; in order that he may be shown the rank cruelties that have lived in his own heart, that he may better comprehend the beauties and the high requirements of his life henceforth; in order that he may be led to fall upon his knees and pray for help against his coming temptations; in order that he may be brought to recognize God—what is done?

He stands behind his door, once each week, and listens for words that he cannot make out on account of the echo, and receives, once each quarter, a call from a man who spends a little while with him in talking of his soul.

The writer made this express inquiry of the prison-agent:

"Are you able to effect many reforms among your prisoners?"

"No," was the reply, given with a shake of the head; "there is little or no reformation going on."

The reply might have been expected. Of course, there can be no reformation. Reformation can no more lift its tender head in that ill-cultured ground than a field of daisies can spring from out an acre of sea-rocks.

If there be no reformation; if the souls

of the convicts are suffered to decay; if no draughts of knowledge are supplied them; if no human interest is allowed to work among them, and generate sympathies and confidences; if the uplifting power of religion is ignored; and if it is forgotten that physical health is a possession which no man should tamper with—then, can it be just that the founders of this scheme of punishment can claim tolerance for it?

The Eastern Penitentiary, fairly and temperately described, is simply a place of incarceration where men lose their bodily and spiritual strength, and gain nothing in return. The best use that the world can make of it is to regard it as an indicator of the distances that great and earnest philanthropists may stray in error.

ALBERT F. WEBSTER.

MY STORY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

(From Advance-Sheets.)

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued)

THEN I sat down to read it. Oh, how happy I felt! It was even more loving—fuller of fond flattery—than the last. I read it over and over, and kissed it, and then I thought over Captain Brand's, and put them, mentally, side by side. Ah, if Madame La Peyre could only read Eugène's, she would no longer persist in her opinion of Captain Brand; for I suppose she considers a husband is bound to show some special friendship for a wife. I clasped my hands over my eyes, and sat thinking. My life is getting to be full of deceit. I used to detest mystery or any thing like a secret; now I am always planning how to hide; it is so humbling to feel that old Samuel suspects me; I must try and end it. I must try and carry out the purpose that came to me last night—find some one to consult. Yes, it is all very well to propose, but where am I to find this calm, collected friend, who will get me out of my difficulty?

I may go on staying at Merdon for months, and I am even less isolated here than I should be at Château-Fontaine; it will be more difficult there. Suddenly a sentence of my strong-minded governess came to me. She had lived with a family in the bush, before she lived with us, and she was quite a woman of resources—she used to say, "When one can't get what one wants, one must do with what one has."

Whom had I at Merdon? Mr. Tracey? No, he takes no interest in any thing but theological controversy and drainage. He would never give me his attention long enough to understand my trouble. There are Mr. Newton and Mr. Donald. I could not tell Frank Newton; I hardly know why, but I could not, he talks so openly about every thing. Mr. Donald is very clever, but I am afraid his is bookish cleverness—I fancy he knows the world through books much more than from personal experience of it. But still, my case may not be beyond him; he is

not the person I should choose, but he is the best here. I will ask Mr. Donald. And then I remember, with dismay, Madame La Peyre's prohibition for this afternoon.

Some of these French rules are too absurd. I am sure, if Frank Newton called at the rectory when all the rest were out, Georgiana Tracey would be allowed to see him; but it is always "Not at home" for me if a gentleman calls in Madame La Peyre's absence.

Eugène's letter has filled me so full of happy thoughts that I dream on till dinner-time.

After dinner madame starts for the rectory, with Angélique to carry her little work-bag; and then I rouse to a consciousness of dullness, and of a longing to escape from it. I would go to sit with Mrs. Dayrell, only she has been ill all night, and extra quiet is needful for her.

I am restlessly idle. I long to do something to get through the day, and yet I cannot bring myself to settle down to any employment; I cannot sing, for fear of disturbing Mrs. Dayrell.

My father's letter cannot be much longer in reaching me; it might have come before this, but the weather has been stormy, and old Samuel told me that this would delay the Australian mail. Now that the time draws so near, I shrink from all there will be to do. I will not see Captain Brand again; the very liking I felt for him last time would make it very painful to tell him face to face that I love Eugène better than I love him. And yet, Captain Brand does not care about my love, or he would try to make me love him; he would not write me a letter I could show to every one. Whenever I think of that little talk in the cabin of the *Eclair*, I feel puzzled; he was so different, another man altogether; I like him better now, he is calmer, and I do not feel so afraid of him; perhaps he was much fonder of me then; it is possible that, since then, he too has met with some one else, and that he is as willing as I am to be released from this mock marriage. This idea piques me; I like every one to like me best. I do not want to be his wife, and yet I like to feel that Captain Brand will not be willing to give me up. But how shall I get through this long afternoon?

CHAPTER XXVI.

I TRY TO TAKE ADVICE.

I DECIDE at last to go and walk up and down the kitchen-garden field. The walk from the house to the brook has become very unlike my first sight of it. The ever-moving ash-branches are bare in all their blackness; there are ferns still, but they peep out at rare intervals, and look gray and withered; the kitchen-garden is empty, except for some plots of cabbages, and a border all down each side the path of pretty curled green stuff. But I think the change is greatest when I reach the brook; in the landscape one misses the golden fields ready for harvest; but there is still the brilliant green of the turnips; the dark earth of the ploughed land looks well against this, so richly suggestive of future

crops; but the brook is utterly transformed; it has lost all its gay coloring; the willow-herb has died down to the roots, I suppose, for there is no trace of its presence; the water comes nearly to the top of the banks, and is not so clear as it was before the frost came; it is not frozen over to-day, but it seems still to be half congealed; the stream runs so slowly and sullenly, so unlike the sparkling, swiftly-moving brook that babbled so brightly over its many-colored bed. I stood leaning on the gate, and presently, without looking, I knew by instinct that Mr. Donald was coming along the path from the village. Really, I did not come here purposely to meet him, though I must have known that he would keep his appointment; but I grew suddenly shy and nervous; the task I had set myself took a real formidable shape; I felt it would be impossible to tell my story to Mr. Donald.

I opened the gate for him, but he seemed unusually cold and formal.

"I am afraid I cannot have the pleasure of reading with you, Miss Stewart, this afternoon, but I must go up to the farm. I want to see Madame La Peyre—I have to give her a message from Mr. Newton."

I looked up puzzled, and his sad, perplexed face did not help my comprehension; "Mr. Newton"—Mr. Donald usually calls him Newton, or Frank.

"Madame La Peyre is out; can I take the message? I will give it to her when she comes in." We are walking side by side along the walk bordered by those green curling plants, and I do not intend Mr. Donald to go farther than the ash-trees, if I can prevent him. I do not choose that Madame La Peyre should say I have disobeyed her.

"I hardly know"—a sudden look of anger comes into Mr. Donald's blue eyes—"but the message is about you. Mr. Newton wished me to ask Madame La Peyre to permit him to have a private interview with you to-morrow."

"A private interview with me!" I felt the color come rushing up to my temples.

Mr. Donald is looking at me, and I suppose he misunderstands my blush.

He smiles.

"A young lady generally understands the motive for a formal request of this kind."

His voice is so bitter, so utterly unfriendly, that tears come to my eyes in an instant. I feel surprised and offended at Mr. Donald's words.

"You need not trouble yourself to see Madame La Peyre; I"—I put a very haughty emphasis—"can answer the message: I cannot see Mr. Newton as he wishes. Will you tell him this, please?" I looked up at Mr. Donald; his face cleared as if by magic, but still he seemed a little anxious.

"Is Frank to take this as a refusal to his hopes?" he said; "he will be greatly cast down; he thinks"—Mr. Donald hesitated—"that—that you are favorably disposed toward him."

I had not felt quite sure of Mr. Donald's meaning before, but I felt very angry now. If Frank Newton had been brave enough to come and tell me he loved me, I should have pitied him so much I should perhaps have felt grateful, but to hear that he had told another man that I had encouraged him!

"Mr. Newton makes a great mistake," I said, abruptly; "I never thought of him except as an acquaintance;" and then I was sorry for my harsh words—I who so longed for love was angry with poor Frank Newton because he loved me.

We walked on in silence till we reached the ash-trees, and I stood still at the sharp turn leading to the farm. I glanced up timidly at Mr. Donald—to my surprise, he did not look angry with me for my unkindness about Mr. Newton.

There was, it seemed to me, a look of relief in his face, and a sweet, kind expression in his blue eyes, that made me long to cry.

"I ought to say I am very grateful to Mr. Newton, but you must excuse me. I am too troubled to think of what I am saying. I am"—I choked down a sob, and tried to keep the words back, but they came—"I am so unhappy—so lonely."

I turned my head away; I wished I had not seen that kind look in his eyes, and then I should have kept quiet; now my heart throbs, and I feel utterly uncomfortable.

Mr. Donald hesitates; then he says, slowly:

"But you have Madame La Peyre and your guardian."

I turn round on him full of scorn.

"And you consider they ought to satisfy me; well, then, they cannot. Ah, Mr. Donald, I am not one of your proper, conventional young ladies; I don't do as I ought. Oh"—I forgot Mr. Donald in my misery—"I am in great trouble, and I have no one to help me—no one to tell me what to do. Madame La Peyre could not understand, and my guardian is"—here I make a sudden effort at self-control—"he is a person I could not consult."

"Could I help you?" so gently, so timidly spoken that I am checked by surprise.

"I don't know;" but I am sure he cannot—he is too weak, or he would speak differently; it seems as if he read my thoughts.

There is a silence, and then—

I feel that he has come nearer, and his voice is full of strength and hope.

"Let me try to help you; a trouble is always lighter when it is shared."

Something in the tone makes my cheeks glow; something, too, tells me I had best be silent; and yet I will speak, and the words come out in a rush one upon another, in hurried agitation.

"I cannot tell you or any one—please go away; no one can help me."

Here I look up; Mr. Donald's eyes are fixed on my face. In an instant I feel that I have done something wrong, and that I must dart down the steep lane; but he does not give me time to think or to act.

He places himself between me and the lane.

"I cannot hide it any longer," he says, abruptly; "I love you; can you not give me hope?"

I stand like a stone; then I feel him take my hand, and my voice comes back.

"What shall I do?" I quickly draw my hand away. I can no longer keep from crying; "I asked you to be my friend. I can never care for you in any other way."

I turn away impetuously, and then, while I stand there trembling in every limb, and feeling that all this has been a dream, I hear quick steps going back along the road, and I know that Mr. Donald has gone away.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MRS. DAYRELL'S STORY.

"AND I say to mademoiselle that I am not surprised, and I am very sorry—"

"Don't you talk of being sorry, Angélique; think how I feel. I considered Mr. Donald my friend, and now I can never speak to him again. I think men are horribly selfish and foolish; I am sure it was not my fault."

I had felt very wretched all the morning, and yet I could not make up my mind to tell Madame La Peyre what had happened. She is very sweet and loving, but she is not a safe confidante; she told Angélique every thing, though Captain Brand had enjoined secrecy. And yet I am perplexed, for how can I explain to her the estrangement which must henceforth exist between us and the park?

I took a diligent fit and staid in-doors in the morning, reading, but about mid-day I went out into the yard, and found Angélique contemplating her chickens; the pigeons flutter round and round her head, and at last, one bolder than the rest, settles on her shoulder. I seat myself on a huge block of stone beside the arched porch, and wonder how many girls have sat there with heavier hearts than mine.

In former times this must have been a manor-house. The sculptured arms over the porch, and over the chimney-piece in madame's bedroom, tell that people of a different sort from farmers have lived here, and from this stone doubtless fair young brides have mounted to the pillion behind their bridegrooms, and have been carried away into the world. I sigh, really not so much for myself as in thinking that some of these lives have been unhappy. But Angélique comes up to me.

"Mademoiselle is sad; is it that Merton is dull? Will mademoiselle send word to the young ladies at the rectory to come and amuse her to-day?"

The idea of being amused by Georgiana Tracey is in itself amusing. I smile, and then I clasp Angélique's black sleeve and hide my eyes on it, and bit by bit, I hardly know how, I tell her about Mr. Newton and Mr. Donald.

"I am not surprised," she says, "but I am very sorry," and then she stands silently beside me.

"Why don't you speak?" her silence provokes me into petulance; "why don't you say it is not my fault?"

As I look up in my impatience, I meet those wise, dark eyes of hers, so full of kindness that I feel checked.

"Mademoiselle knows that I cannot say so—it cannot be undone now, but it makes me sad for the future of mademoiselle."

"If you are going to croak, you tiresome woman, I shall leave you here with the pig-

eons;" but though I announce this resolution with dignity, and turn away my head, I sit still on the mounting-block.

Angélique does not answer, and when I look round impatiently I am struck by her attitude. Her hands, which usually fall straight on each side of her narrow, black skirts, are clasped in front; her eyes are raised as if she is saying a prayer, but her lips do not move; they are pressed together in a straighter line than ever.

I feel my vexation slipping away; there is something soothing about Angélique, something that always reminds me of shade in summer heat.

I do not like to interrupt her, but presently she spoke of her own accord.

"Mademoiselle asked about the poor madame;" she glances up to the bedroom story; "and I asked leave to tell her; it is strange—how mademoiselle resembles Mademoiselle Barbare before she married Monsieur Dayrell."

"Did you know her so long ago?"

"It is not so very long—about ten years, perhaps; Miss Beaumont, that was her name, was to marry the brother of Monsieur La Peyre, and I was to go to England to fetch her to Château-Fontaine, that she might be acquainted with our own madame. Monsieur La Peyre had died long before. I shall not forget her on the journey; she was as wild as a *sauterelle*; at the railway-stations, and on landing from the steamer, I had trouble to keep her in sight; every thing was to her new and amusing; and yet she had lived in London, but with some very quiet, dull ladies, who did not like gayety, she said—"

"What detestable people!"

"Well, mademoiselle, I think it is better to be gay than sad; the butterflies are pleasanter to look at than the moths, who only come out to enjoy their life when all is dark and silent. It is impossible to be more charming, more gay, than Miss Beaumont, at Château-Fontaine. When we return to Normandy I will conduct mademoiselle to some cottages, and she will hear some old women speak in her praise."

"Well, mademoiselle, she staid for several weeks, and she seemed more and more happy, till Monsieur Dayrell arrive; then, perhaps it is in play, what do I know? but she begin to change; she and monsieur seem always to quarrel; and one day I found her in the library, when he have gone away from her, crying and sobbing. I ask her what is it? is she ill? and she say, 'No, Angélique; only wicked, so wicked that I like to make Mr. Dayrell unhappy.'

"Mr. Dayrell went away, and Miss Beaumont grew more happy again, but she was never quite the same. I went back to England with her, and, mademoiselle, when I came to her to say good-by, she put her arms round me, and she has kissed me.—She has said: 'Stay with me, to be my maid; never leave me;' but I was obliged to answer no, for I could not forsake my own madame."

"How long was it before you saw Mrs. Dayrell again?"—I had grown quite interested.

"I have never seen her again till we came here; often has madame asked for Monsieur

and Madame Dayrell to visit Château-Fontaine, but they have always refuse, except once, and then monsieur came by himself. I was so surprised; he, who used to be so fine and handsome a gentleman, had grown thin and frowning; and, when I ask him how is madame, his wife, he frown still more: 'She is as well as usual,' he said, and then he turned away.

"They have never written, madame, till one day, there are some months, perhaps a year ago, a letter came; it was Mr. Dayrell who has written, and he asked madame to go to his wife; he was going to travel. Our madame was ill, and it was winter, and she could not go for, perhaps, a month, after the letter has come. When we come to the house in London, Madame Dayrell was not there; our madame waited on, and at last we heard she was visiting some friends, and was very ill; then madame went to her, and brought her here." Angélique stopped, and sighed.

"How unkind of her husband to leave her when she was ill!" I felt full of indignation.

"Madame was not ill when Mr. Dayrell went away; but, mademoiselle, I can never, never forget the change in her face; it was not that she had grown so thin, and that her beauty had faded, but it was the change from sweet to bitter. Ah, but is sad—"

Angélique stopped; she was not looking at me, her eyes were on the far-off moorland hills; there was a look of question in them, as if she were trying to get an answer.

"Mrs. Dayrell is unhappy, I suppose; perhaps she did not love her husband?"

I felt a sort of selfish relief. Surely, if madame and Angélique have witnessed the effects of one ill-assorted marriage, they will be too just to insist on mine.

"Yes, mademoiselle, I think madame has loved Monsieur Dayrell; but yet they are parted. I believe that Monsieur Dayrell has objected that madame should take so much pleasure in admiration, and madame has considered that, if she was loving and faithful to him, it did not signify; but she liked to be admired and followed, wherever she went. At last, when Mr. Dayrell found she would not change, he said they would go abroad together, to some far-off place, so that his wife might be separated from her admirers, and this has caused the quarrel. Monsieur Dayrell has written several letters to his wife, but I do not think, mademoiselle, that madame has written once to him; and yet, I am sure she loves him, and she wishes to see him, though she will never say so."

"But that is dreadful; cannot Madame La Peyre persuade her to write?"

Angélique shook her head.

"I do not think that our madame would care to speak about Monsieur Dayrell to madame. At first she has spoken, but it makes Madame Dayrell angry, and it is difficult to argue with a person who suffers; and now Mr. Dayrell has left off writing, and I do not think the poor madame could know where to send a letter, even if she chose to write."

I felt awe-struck; I had lived among quiet, calm people, and had read few novels; this seemed too terrible to be true. I could not realize that I knew a person who

had destroyed and flung away love and happiness out of her life.

"Are you quite sure of all this?" I said, doubtfully; and then I glanced up. No! It was impossible that that earnest, steadfast woman could exaggerate or falsify any thing. "Angélique," I went on, eagerly, "don't you think, if we tried, we could find out—if you and I were to go and seek for Mr. Dayrell, I believe we should find him."

Such a look of pity came into her dark eyes. I believe Angélique would make the fortune of any artist she sat to for a Madonna, although there is so little actual beauty in her face, in the way of form or color.

"Mademoiselle," she said, gently, "we have all our work marked out for us; I think if mademoiselle and I were meant to go and find this gentleman, our way would be shown us; and, if I were to leave Madame Dayrell just now, I think she would suffer very much—she would not like a stranger to wait on her."

"Are you so very good a nurse, then?" I felt impatient that Angélique would not share my eagerness.

She shook her head.

"No, indeed, it is not that; but Madame Dayrell cannot bear a strange face; she will not tell how she suffers—it must be guessed. Well, then, mademoiselle, what will you? I am only the old *bonne* of her young days; I can watch her face, and it does not vex her. I may do any thing for her, and, when I am foolish, and do not please her, she can tell me so. *Allons*, but it is something, when one is suffering, to have some one to share the burden."

"You mean" (I smiled at Angélique's ingenuity) "that she can be cross to you whenever she chooses. Well, I dare say you are right, and I do not think you could be spared; but it is terrible that this husband cannot be brought back."

"We cannot know that," she said, softly.

"His absence may be for good—all this was ordered long ago. Mademoiselle, all will come right, as it is willed."

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

ITS DELTA.—ITS BAYOUS.—ITS LEVEES.
—ITS FLOODS, AND THEIR REMEDY.

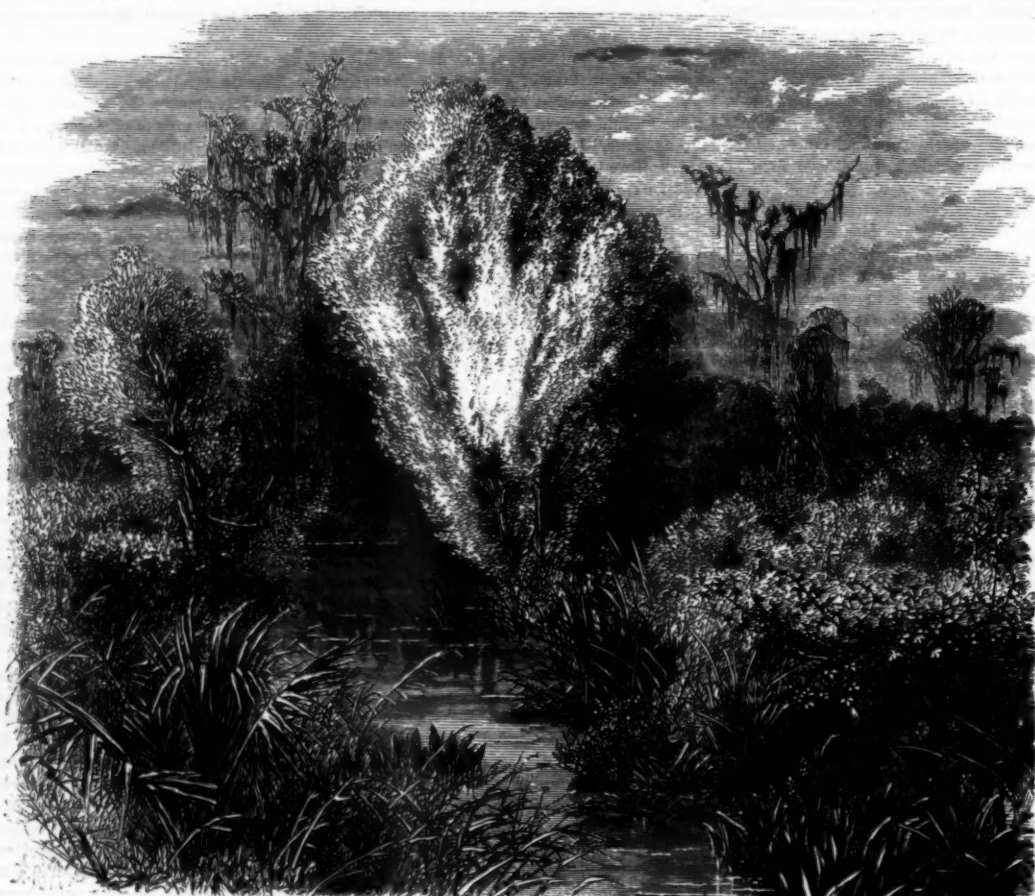
THERE are several rivers in the Old World of a formation similar to that which is the subject of the present article. Among these, the most remarkable are the Irrawaddy, the Ganges, and the Euphrates, in Asia; the Nile, in Egypt; and the Po and the Rhine in Europe. This similarity exists not simply in the alluvial beds through which they flow, and which owe their existence to the rivers themselves, for such rivers abound in both the Old World and the New, but especially either in the formation of deltas at their mouths, or in the bed of the river being upon the crest of a ridge, giving to the surface of the river, at high water, a level several feet above that of the lands adjacent to the bank of the river. Two of these, the Nile and the Rhine, the former illustrating the delta formation, and the latter the levee

system of the Mississippi, require special notice.

The Nile has been celebrated from the most remote antiquity. The delta, so called from the resemblance of its form to the Greek letter Δ , has an area of nine thousand square miles. The Egyptians, so far from making dikes to prevent the periodical inundation, which attains its maximum about the autumnal equinox, watch its approach with impatience, and celebrate its return with national festivities. The river, before reaching the delta, runs through a valley varying in width from fifteen to twenty miles. This valley is fertilized, in Upper Egypt, by artificial irrigation, and in Lower Egypt by the annual overflow of the Nile, which deposits the sediment which it has brought down from the mountains of Ethiopia and Abyssinia.

The Rhine has a delta of about nine hundred square miles, all of it protected by dikes varying in height, from two or three feet to eleven. The whole of this immense area is drained of its superabundant waters by steam-pumps, or, perhaps more frequently still, by pumps worked by a power which is characteristic—the windmill. The dikes, which protect from devastation this garden of Europe, have at various times been insufficient to resist the immense pressure, and have burst, pouring destruction upon the gardens and farm-houses below. These have sometimes been cut to save the country from an enemy more dreadful than drowning. Motley gives instances of this during the wars of the ruthless Alva. A still more remarkable instance occurred during the wars of Louis XIV., in 1672. His army had penetrated into the very heart of Holland, and was on a rapid march to Amsterdam. The Metropolis taken, the commonwealth would have been ruined. At this critical juncture the Hollanders, by direction of their great chief the Prince of Orange, availed themselves of the reservoir at their disposal. They cut the dikes, and the French army were wellnigh overtaken, and would have shared the fate of Pharaoh but for a precipitate retreat—a retreat not, I believe, alluded to either by Boileau or Corneille, whom Louis kept in pay to celebrate his victories. But this retreat was purchased at a terrible sacrifice. "The whole country," says Macaulay, "was one great lake, from which the cities, with their ramparts and steeples, rose like islands."

We now come to the Mississippi, the delta of which, reckoning the territory comprised between the main river on the east and the Atchafalaya on the west, covers an area of about seven thousand square miles. The age of this formation, though remote beyond human records, is geologically of recent date. I have been informed by the Balize pilots that the Mississippi encroaches upon the Gulf of Mexico at the rate of about a league in a century. It is not a little remarkable that this is just about the rate at which the Euphrates is estimated, by the enterprising engineer Colonel Chesney, to encroach upon the Persian Gulf. The Gulf of Mexico extended to Upper Louisiana long after volcanic action had thrown up the limestone ridges of Tennessee and Kentucky. Those fertile regions were clothed with ver-



A BAYOU OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

ture long before the waves of the gulf had ceased to beat against the bluffs of Baton Rouge.

The appearance of this delta to a stranger's eye is remarkable. To one born among the crags and precipices of a mountainous district, there is something disagreeably monotonous in the flat surface of this country. It is as level as the ocean in a calm, and the eye is not relieved by a hillock even, from the *Passes* of the Balize to the bluffs of Baton Rouge. At this place the land rises, for an extent of several miles, on the eastern shore of the river, to the height of sixty or seventy feet, and it is called by a name somewhat extravagant—"The Highlands." There is not a boulder or pebble in all the delta. We use the word *delta* in its usual acceptation as including the low, alluvial deposit embraced between the two outlets of the Mississippi the farthest from each other, the *Passé à l'Ouvre* and the *Atchafalaya*. One writer has applied it to the whole valley as far north as the mouth of the Ohio. This is like extending the delta of the Ganges to Benares instead of Moorsheadabad, and that of the Nile to the second cataract, instead of Memphis. It is employing this significant word in a sense entirely new, and introducing confusion in place of perspicuity.

The delta is all elevated more or less above the Gulf on the south and the bays and lakes on the east. It is like the flat roof of a building with the mighty Mississippi upon the crest—a crest which has been formed by the river itself by annual deposits for a long succession of years. This delta is much lower than the surface of the river at high water.

From this formation result the bayous which spread like a net-work over all this region. As the purpose of the writer in preparing this article is purely practical—to raise a warning voice against the policy of the levee system, and thus to save Lower Louisiana from becoming permanently, what it has been for the last three months, a waste of waters—he is under the necessity of presenting fully, as well as clearly, the conditions of this interesting problem. He is the rather induced to do this, from the fact that the peculiar water-courses known as *bayous* have never been treated of at length by any other writer.* The orthography of the word

* The writer of this article has read papers on this subject before the New-Orleans Academy of Sciences, the New-York Geographical Society, and the Long Island Historical Society.

bayou indicates its French origin, but, whether applied by the French settlers in the first instance, or borrowed from the aborigines and represented by French letters, is uncertain. The term is applied to two classes of streams:

First, it is applied to such streams as have their sources in the canals which drain the plantations on the banks of the Mississippi, and, instead of flowing into this river, are carried back by a gradual fall to the Gulf on the south, or to the lakes on the east.

Second, it is applied to such outlets or mouths of the Mississippi as are situated at a considerable distance from its principal mouths, known as the *Passes*.

Both of these classes of streams are remarkable. The bayous of the first class are *sui generis*. They exist only, and are possible only, where the immediate bank of the river is higher than the lands adjacent, and that is the case, it is believed, with no one of the rivers before mentioned, except the Rhine.

They are formed invariably by the rainfall upon the peninsulas embraced between the bends of the river. These bayous cannot be obstructed without detriment to the riparian occupants. They cannot, from the nature of the case, be diverted into the great river, so that they are found on every peninsula in the delta. To this remark there is not a single exception. They are of different sizes, generally corresponding to the extent of territory which they drain. Some are not more than three or four yards in width, at a distance of two miles from their source; others are five, and still others, eight or ten yards. New River, which rises in the great peninsula opposite Donaldsonville, and drains all those parts of the parishes of Ascension, St. James, and St. John the Baptist, that lie on the left bank of the river, is the largest bayou of this class. The Bayou St. John, which drains the peninsula of New Orleans and Carrollton, is, in one part of its course, perhaps, even broader than New River, but it becomes narrow a little lower down, and continues so till it falls into Lake Pontchartrain. At the little hamlet known as Bayou Road, it has a width of sixty or seventy yards, with a sluggish current, foul and inky, a fit abode for serpents, tortoises, alligators, and other loathsome reptiles. I never can recall this stream, as it existed in years gone by, without thinking that Virgil must have had some such stream in his mind's eye when he described the Styx: "*Turbidus hic ceno, vastaque voragine.*"

Bayou St. John, wide as it is in one part, drains a smaller territory, and is the conduit of a smaller volume of water than many bayous that are only four yards in width.

This class of bayous, as they suspend but little sediment in their waters, form but very small ridges. These bayous are in the lowest parts of peninsulas, and are very useful when kept clear of obstructions, since they serve as natural drains to the plantations. Unlike the bayous of the second class, they become gradually wider from their sources to their mouths. These bayous receive tributaries, whereas bayous of the second class give them out. These may be likened to the veins of the human body, that collect the blood from the extremities; and bayous of the second class, to the arteries which receive the blood from the heart, and distribute it through all parts of the system.

In order to form a correct idea of both these classes of bayous, we must bear in mind what is stated above, namely, that the surface of the Mississippi at high water is higher than the lands through which it flows. From the mouth of the Red River to the Passes, the Mississippi flows along the summit of a ridge, which diminishes in width and height as we descend. If this is so, it may be asked why the river, when it has once burst its barriers, does not form for itself a new bed, and never return again to the old one. The answer is obvious. This mighty stream, from a point a little above the Passes to Donaldsonville, has a depth, by actual measurement, of ninety feet at low water, and the barrier which it has burst is only from four or five feet in the lowest parts, to nine in the highest, so that a *crevasse* a hundred yards in width, though, as it roars and foams like another Niagara, it

seems to the beholder to be a mighty river in itself, and about to make a shorter cut to the Gulf than by the meandering course of the parent stream, yet it diverts but a small fraction of the stupendous flood which is borne along in silent and awful majesty by the Father of Waters, and, when the floods subside, the *crevasse* is dry, and the Mississippi rolls on as of yore.

At New Orleans the surface of the river, at high water, when it reaches to within a few inches of the top of the levee, is fourteen feet above low-water mark. At St. James the rise is twenty feet, at Donaldsonville twenty-five feet, and at Bayou Plaquemine thirty-two feet. If we add to these measurements the elevation of the river at low water above the Gulf of Mexico, we shall have the actual height of the Mississippi during the annual floods above the Gulf. By this means we find that, at high water, the river at New Orleans, one hundred and five miles from the Passes, is fifteen feet six inches; and at Bayou Plaquemine, which is two hundred and thirty-two miles from the Passes, thirty-five feet above the sea-level. It thus appears that the rise of the Mississippi is greater than that of the Nile, for that at Grand Cairo, near the head of the delta, is only twenty-four feet six inches. Now, the ridge of land along the crest of which the Mississippi flows, is not only much higher at the head of the delta than in the lower part, but it is also much wider; so that the declivity from the shore of the river to the swamp-lands has about the same inclination throughout the whole extent of the ridge.

There is another element which must not be forgotten in the solution of this problem: like all other rivers that run through alluvial formations, the Mississippi is very crooked, meandering through all the points of the compass. Its bends have great uniformity of structure. They are, on an average, fifteen miles in length, i. e., from point to point on the same side of the river, from New Orleans to the Red River—the head of the delta. Above that point they are considerably longer.

The outlet bayous—the bayous of the second class—invariably take their departure from the main stream at the concave apex of the bend, for here the water, rushing at right angles against the bank with tremendous force, undermines it with fearful certainty, and sometimes, without any visible indications of danger, with appalling suddenness. The prudent planter makes at these bends a second levee some rods back of the front one, so that if the front levee crumbles away, the rear one may prove a secure barrier. I have known several acres of land to disappear in a single night. I have seen primeval forests of sycamores and cottonwoods, which but yesterday towered a hundred feet into the air, now toppled into the boiling flood, as weeds by the road-side are washed down by a summer shower. There they would remain, swayed to and fro by the eddies, till the roots were detached from the soil in which they had been rooted for centuries, and the gigantic trunks were swept away with the torrent. Some of these became embedded in the sand-bars, and became

snags, or sawyers, dangerous to navigation for years to come; others were carried far out into the Gulf of Mexico, and, swept along in its currents, they found their way to the broad Atlantic, and floated to the shores of Greenland or Norway; or, being deflected to the south, they were lost in the Sargazo Sea. These bayous continue of the same width from the river to their mouths. In their uniformity of width they resemble the parent stream, which does not increase in width from the mouth of the Ohio to New Orleans. When left to themselves, they have numerous branches or subordinate bayous; so that the Mississippi is a mighty natural apparatus for irrigation. Fed by the perennial snows of the Rocky Mountains, this stupendous reservoir is unfailing, and, before the bayous were closed by a policy as selfish as it was short-sighted, they served as safety-valves through which the floods were poured—ministers of beneficence instead of devastation.

At present the branches of these bayous are closed, as are the bayous themselves; but formerly, before the levee system was inaugurated, every considerable bend in the river had a bayou flowing out of it. The beds of some of these yet remain. Bayou Manchac, in the lower part of East Baton Rouge, is an example. The former course of these may be traced even where their beds have been filled; for, like the parent stream, they formed ridges by the alluvium which they deposited upon their banks. The Metairie Ridge, between New Orleans and Lake Pontchartrain, was formed in this way by a bayou which flowed from the great bend above Carrollton.

These outlets, as they were conduits to convey the surplus waters to the ocean during the spring floods, when they rushed with appalling impetuosity, were shallow and sluggish—indeed, the smaller ones were stagnant pools—while the river was at low water. They must be considered as so many mouths of the mighty Mississippi.

What verdict, then, shall we pronounce upon the policy which has been pursued ever since the country was opened to cultivation, but with frantic energy for the last forty years, of damming up the mouths of these bayous, and, by ploughing the ridges and filling up the beds, converting bayous into plantations? The policy has necessitated the supplement of raising the levees on the banks of the river to a great height, and carrying them far up the river to the shores of Arkansas and Missouri. This policy would have been pronounced by competent engineers, *a priori*, vain—nay, fatal and suicidal. To every one that understands the first principles of hydraulics, it must be evident that, by filling up these mouths, the river must rise annually to a much greater height than it was wont; and that, at a distance of two hundred miles from the Passes, by the meandering course of the river, it will indeed increase in velocity somewhat; but, as this is retarded by the frequent bends, it will rise at least four feet for every increased velocity of half a mile per hour. Thus, gentlemen—planters, engineers, levee commissioners—build your levees as high as you please; but, so long as you persist in keeping closed the bayous through

which the waters were wont to flow harmlessly, though rapidly, you may build your levees as high as the Williamsburgh Reservoir Dam, and the Mississippi shall sweep them away. You are fighting against Nature. The warfare is unequal.

"The current that, with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage;

But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music to th' enameled stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wild ocean."

If the principles of natural philosophy and common-sense are insufficient to convince you of your error, review the history of the *crevasse* for the last twenty-five years. During this time the frequency and destructiveness of *crevasses* have increased in the same ratio that the levee system has been extended. Note that, though the water has not been so high this year by some inches as in 1871, the number of *crevasses* is far greater, and their effects far more disastrous.

A *crevasse* must be seen to be understood. No description can give an adequate idea of the destruction which it causes. In descending the river in the early part of April, 1849, I witnessed one in the lower part of West Baton Rouge. It was awful to look upon. As I stood on the hurricane-deck of the boat, I could see it in its whole extent. The levee had burst away for a distance of two hundred and fifty yards, and the water was rushing through, to a depth of five feet, with the rapidity of lightning, foaming and raging, and carrying ruin and destruction far into the interior. The fences were carried away, the draining-canals filled up, and all the crops destroyed. Even the buildings did not escape serious damage. Some were undermined by the current; others were crushed by passing rafts of timber. As the water flowed back, it spread out and formed a lake several leagues in length; and finally, decreasing in velocity as it increased in extent, it met the waters from another *crevasse* twenty miles above, and the united floods found their way to the Gulf of Mexico through Bayou Grossetête and Grand Lake. When I consider that this scene of desolation has now been extended so that almost all Lower Louisiana is now under water, I am shocked at the insane policy which has caused the inundation of the fairest portion of the South.

The committees that have come to Washington in the interest of the sufferers tell us, in a circular which they issued a few weeks since, that fourteen thousand square miles are submerged. The destruction to the crops is estimated in the local journals at forty thousand hogsheads of sugar and three hundred thousand bales of cotton. And, what is still worse, cattle are starved or drowned in untold numbers, and men, women, and children, are forced to leave their homes, or, living as best they can in the upper stories of their houses, receive their daily bread from contributions hurried on by generous strangers who have heard their wail on the banks of the Ohio and the shores of Massachusetts Bay. We are told by Mayor Wiltz, of New Orleans, that fifty thousand people are re-

ceiving daily rations to keep them from starving.

Now, we have a right to demand that the policy which is responsible for all this misery shall cease, and that it shall cease immediately. Only one large bayou, Bayou La Fourche, is left open, from the mouth of Red River to the Passes. The others have been closed one after another, the planters finding this less labor than to keep them open and protect them by levees. Bayou Plaquemine, thirty-four miles above the La Fourche, was closed, for I know not what strategic reason, during the late war, and when the State engineer went up from New Orleans, about the end of March of this present year, to open it, the planters mustered in arms to resist, and the old argument—the argument of might—convinced the engineer that he had made a mistake.

What is required now—nay, what is demanded—if we would not reconvey all Lower Louisiana in fee to fishes and reptiles, is that all the large bayous shall be reopened, made of suitable depth, and protected by levees, all of the way from the Mississippi to the lagoon-lakes of the Gulf on the south, or to Lake Pontchartrain and Lake Borgne on the east. In this way can Louisiana be saved—and in no other.

ERASTUS EVERETT.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CIVIL SERVICE.

BY ALEXANDER DELMAR,

LATE DIRECTOR OF THE UNITED STATES BUREAU OF STATISTICS.

III.

THE RUSH FOR PLACE.

I NEVER knew how many friends I had until I entered the civil service. People who had been forgotten for years turned up all of a sudden. The pedagogue who, thirty winters before, had tried his patience on my stubborn youth, my fellow bank-clerks of a decade later, even my employer of that time, once a millionaire and now a broken-down merchant, turned up. People with strange, long-forgotten faces, showed themselves in my door-way, and, in the most significant and startling manner, asked me if I didn't know them. Nor was this punitive visitation for having made a casual acquaintance or so, in days gone by, confined to the parties themselves, but it descended, like the legacy of *vendetta*, to their posterity. Even the sons and daughters of persons who had been married after my acquaintance with them ceased, appeared, to remind me of friendships that had long faded from the memory, and to ask for place. "Father knew you," or "mother remembers you," was the assuring substance of every-day communications from entirely unknown persons anxious to effect a lodgment in the Treasury.

I am happy in being able to say that these pathetic appeals to friendship were steadily resisted, that from first to last I never appointed or promoted a clerk except for merit with reference to the public service, nor, with

a single exception, any one whom I had known or seen before I entered it.

The passion for place seemed universal, manifesting itself at times most oddly. Here is a letter from a disciple of Herbert Spencer, a man who believed that "all which the state does when it exceeds its true duty (the administration of justice), is to hinder, to disturb, to corrupt:"

"I ask myself whether I am willing to serve my country in some *lucrative* position and make the necessary effort to attain it? To that I answer unreservedly, Yes; only let some one show me how." Certainly, a strong enough hint.

A tradesman wrote me from New York:

"I hope you liked the last goods I made up for you. I am desirous to get a place in the Treasury for my mother. She is a first-class penwoman, and is fond of Washington society."

A gentleman occupying a most exalted public position desired me, by message, to appoint to office an old school-mate and friend of his, an ex-minister plenipotentiary of the United States. At the same time, and by the same messenger, his private secretary and relative sent the following request:

"This note will be handed to you by Miss —, a young lady of fine attainments and excellent character. I hope you will take the matter in hand and secure her a clerkship."

A gallant effort to kill two birds (get rid of two importunities) with one stone. The ex-minister proved to be a fine old Southern gentleman, who, quite unlike Southern gentlemen generally, had managed to amass a fortune of some one or two hundred thousand dollars during the war, and at the South, and who, although enjoying an income of certainly not less than ten thousand dollars a year, was ready to squeeze a couple of thousand a year more out of the United States Treasury—if accorded the opportunity. These parties obtained appointments—though not from me—and both, through mandatory transfers from the Secretary's office, were saddled eventually upon my pay-roll for a while. The lady soon got into a violent altercation with one of the Union ladies (the women are all partisans, and much more outspoken on politics than the men), and felt the necessity of retiring from the service.

Though there was, and is still, a standing rule of the Treasury against more than one of a family being in office at a time, there was one family with five members in office, several with four or three members, and a great number with two. An ingenious couple in the Treasury got privately married, and continued in office for some years before the relation between them was discovered. This rule against nepotism, though frequently recited by the department, was never enforced, the chiefs themselves violating it openly.

The cause of this extraordinary eagerness for office is not obvious, it being a constant source of complaint by clerks and officers, that the salaries are insufficient, the duties too onerous, the tenure of office precarious, etc., etc.

Why, then, do people make such extraordinary efforts to obtain and hold office?

Well, the plain fact of the matter is, that the salaries are not insufficient, the duties are not onerous, the tenure of office is not precarious.

The salaries range from \$1200 to \$1800 for clerks; \$2,000 to \$2,500 for disbursing clerks, chiefs of division, and chief clerks; \$4,000 to \$6,000 for bureau officers; and \$6,000 to \$10,000 for heads of departments and deputies. The female clerks receive from \$900 to \$1200 a year. The pay is regular and sure; the hours are from nine to three; in summer, a vacation of thirty days on full pay is allowed, and at other times a reasonable amount of "sickness" is permitted. The tenure of office for clerks is during good behavior, or so long as needed, which, unfortunately for the service, too often means long after needful. So far, the tenure is quite as good as is afforded in commercial situations. But, when to these anchorages of the incumbent is added the support of Congressmen, which every clerk manages in some way or another to obtain—usually by writing speeches for the members, or attending to their correspondence after office-hours—the tenure becomes much more secure than the ordinary commercial one.

When I say that I rarely knew of a good clerk being turned out of office, even upon a change of administration, the practical security of the tenure of clerical office will be best understood. There are numbers of clerks in the Treasury who have been there during whole generations, and some during two.

The tenure of bureau-officers is secured by law—and a very bad law it is in my estimation.

Now let these practical conditions of the civil service be compared with those common to mercantile or industrial employments, and I think they will be found vastly superior. I am satisfied that, even if the government were to cut down salaries to one-half, there would still be found plenty of men to fill the offices, and men just as competent as those who now fill them. Indeed, I am much mistaken if such an act would occasion a single resignation.

These facts and opinions account in a measure for the desire of place.

Some people never think of striking out for themselves. They have not originality, self-reliance, courage. They are inveterate subordinates, and, when not in a "place," are always looking for one. Often the times are unfavorable to small commercial enterprises. This was so just before the outbreak of the civil war; it is perhaps somewhat so now. At such epochs people run anywhere for shelter. Some men are born place-hunters, and neither comparative advantages nor the times affect them. They would have office, if they knew they were to perish through it. Nothing deters them except the prospect of receiving no more pay than they are worth.

I remember, when Mr. Lincoln was elected, I was on my way from Fort Wayne to Washington. The train was full of office-seekers, and one of them, on the strength of the bare fact that he remembered to have seen me in conversation with the President-elect, stuck to me during the entire journey,

and begged for office. It was in vain that I told him I had no influence with Mr. Lincoln, that I knew nothing of my interlocutor's qualifications for office, etc. The fellow would not let me go. As a last resort, I thought I would amuse myself with quizzing him a bit. He was a rough lout of a fellow, who every moment volanted his half-pint of tobacco-juice with the precision of a rifled-musket.

"What office do you wish?" I asked.

"Oh, any thing. I thought of the consulship at Havana." (A five or six thousand dollar place.)

"The consulate at Havana. Yes, a nice place. But are you acclimated?"

"What's that?"

"Havana is generally visited once a year by the yellow fever. Do you think you could go through it safely?"

"How much is the salary?"

"Five or six thousand a year."

"Well, I think I could hold on to that." (General laugh at my expense.)

"I don't doubt your intentions, but the yellow fever has an uncomfortable way of disregarding intentions, and making short work with its victims. Now, a man of your build" (he was as fat as a pig) "would fall an easy prey to the scourge; and, if you are not acclimated, I wouldn't insure your life at any possible rate of premium for a month after you went to Havana."

By this time the listeners chimed in pretty freely, and I left my man to them. Returning to my seat after half an hour's interval, I found him rather more seriously disposed, evidently dampened by what he had learned from the crowd on the subject of the yellow fever. But he was not wholly discouraged. He soon edged up to me again, and, after starting a fresh reservoir of nicotine on the car floor, thus addressed me:

"I say, friend, I hev been thinking over that thing considerable, and hev concluded not to go for that Havana consulship, on consideration that you just put in a word for me to the President that I would like to buckle to the doorkeepership of the House of Representatives!"

One of the worst nuisances I ever had to deal with was a member of Congress, who had bothered me beyond all patience with the demands of his "destrict." Though no party-man myself, I always recognized, and still affirm, the justice and propriety of selecting men for office among the party-ranks of those at the head of government who are to be responsible for the administration of the offices. I do not mean by this that I would either appoint or dismiss a man on party grounds alone, but unless for good reason to the contrary, such as great experience, special attainments, etc., I deem it a very unsafe rule to intrust office to men opposed to the party principles which are to serve as a guide in practical administration.

As, notwithstanding his split with Congress, and the fact that he himself appointed some Democrats to office, President Johnson was a Republican, and so avowed himself; as, moreover, the Secretary of the Treasury was a Republican, and the Congress was Republican, my nominees, after their fit-

ness was ascertained, were almost invariably selected from the ranks of the dominant party, and with a view to a fair distribution of appointments throughout the various sections of the country.

Well, my bothersome Congressman was an Opposition Republican, and a great friend of the President's; and, relying on this fact and its notoriety, and also on the fact that I alone, of all the permanent officers of the Treasury, was not protected by the tenure-of-office law, he pressed me very closely. I had given his "destrict" all the attention it was entitled to—which, by-the-way, was not much—and determined to resist his importunities. The moment he perceived this, he exploded:

"I shall go to the President, sir!"

"Very good, sir."

"And inform him that you refuse to appoint General —, although he is a Union man, and a friend of the President."

"Add that I decline to nominate him, not because he is a Union man and a friend of the President, but because his services are not wanted; and this bureau is not a charity hospital. If the President sees fit to appoint your client over my head, he shall have my resignation immediately afterward."

"He shall be informed of your threat, sir."

And off he went in a towering rage, no doubt secretly glad that he had drawn my fire.

I understood that he did repeat the matter to the President, and got no encouragement from him. I was in the President's cabinet the same afternoon, but he said nothing to me on the subject.

Robert J. Walker, Secretary of the Treasury from 1845 to 1849, was a constant visitor to my office. He was one of the most interesting men I ever knew; was fond of fighting over his old battles in the Treasury, and fought them eloquently. Beginning with my father, who was in the Treasury under his administration, and who was so much of an oddity that he had a string of stories to relate of him, the old man would tell the story of a clerk named Barclay, who had been in the Treasury for sixty years, and who, during his (Walker's) administration, had made an innocent clerical mistake in the accounts amounting to six million dollars, rendering necessary a special message to Congress containing the correction.

Once, as we were standing in the lower hall of the Treasury building, he related the case of another of his old clerks, who was then still in office, but who, like Barclay and Walker himself, is now dead.

"This clerk, sir," said the ex-secretary, "was appointed by me some twenty-odd years ago, but he had not been in office a year before it was discovered that he was given to drink. Upon looking into the case as reported to me, I decided to discharge him. So I sent for him, told him the charges that had been made against him, and asked him what he had to say in his defense. Whereupon he admitted the truth of the charge, but pleaded intention to reform, and alluded to his poverty and the dependence upon him of a family. After reading him a moral lesson, which I dare say was quite supererogative, for the fellow was intelligent enough to know better, I told

him that, under the circumstances, and in consideration of his family, I would withhold his discharge for the present, and, if he reformed and abstained from drink for six months, would cancel it altogether. This pact he agreed to; then he went away. Some two or three months afterward the man waited on me again, and told me that, so far, he had religiously kept his agreement, but that the desire of drink was so strong that he felt he could no longer keep his faith unless I would permit him to take 'just one,' when he thought he could go on without ever transgressing again! The case was so novel and ludicrous, and the man so valuable a clerk and so earnest about the matter, that at last I consented, not doubting that, once the barrier was let down, the colt would run wild beyond all reclamation, and that I should be obliged eventually to discharge him as incurable. Well, sir, to make a long story short, the man got awfully drunk, then recovered and went to work again, and, from that day to this, he hasn't tasted a drop. He is in the Treasury now—I won't mention his name—and is highly respected, by all who know him, as an honest and faithful man, and a strict teetotaler."

Saying this, the old ex-secretary turned around and affectionately clasped the hand of a man who had been listening to his story with a face covered with knowing smiles. The ex-secretary never mentioned the name of the reformed clerk, but I had no difficulty in guessing that it was the very man who had been listening to the story. And a good and faithful man he was, too.

There are a great many old stand-bys still in the Treasury. John F. Hartley, the assistant secretary, has been in office over thirty years. James Brodhead, the second controller, was a clerk in the Treasury forty years ago. John A. Graham, the assistant register; William Hemphill Jones, the deputy second controller, Tom Smith, Benj. F. Rittenhouse, and John N. Lovejoy, are all old stand-bys. Lovejoy is, I think, the oldest. He is in charge of the archives or files and records of the department. I met the old man in Washington lately, his long, thin hair as white as snow, his countenance still cheerful, his movements active, his memory stored with two generations of Treasury traditions.

But these old pillars of the department are rapidly falling into dust, and the places they have so long and gallantly held against the rush for office succumbing to the inroads of younger and fresher men.

Those who seek clerical office may be properly divided into four classes:

1. Those who seek it as a means of livelihood, while they are preparing themselves for some other and more promising career, such as that of lawyer, physician, civil-engineer, architect, etc. There are many of this class in office, and, as a general thing, they make tolerably worthless clerks. All their thoughts are for the profession for which they are preparing themselves: none for the government that pays them. The moment the eye of their superior is removed, out pops Kent's "Commentaries" or Wood's "Therapeutics" from their desks, and the theft of public

time, which has been interrupted for a moment, is renewed.

2. Those of low nervous temperaments, infirm bodies, or broken constitutions, feeble, wounded, sickly, or old men, who are unfitted for the battle of outside life, and seek the friendly shelter of the departments where the hours are easy, the clerical requirements of the commonest sort, and the employing concern not apt to give up business or go into bankruptcy. This class is also a large one.

3. Active young and middle-aged men, competent, industrious, quick, and tractable. This class, of course, forms the *élite* of the clerical civil service; but it is small, and, no matter how constantly recruited, is kept small by withdrawals in pursuit of more active careers than the departments afford.

4. Ladies.

Of these classes, the ladies, under skillful and judicious management, make the best clerks. But such management is rare, and, taking the departments as they are actually managed, taking them as they are, and as they will doubtless remain, the second class is that one which, every thing considered, is the most to be relied upon for effective work. It seems an odd thing to say that, in so large a service, the invalid class is particularly the best, but, in addition to the facts already referred to, it must always be borne in mind that there is no promotion for clerks in the departments beyond the grade of clerk, and that first-rate men will not remain in a service which condemns them to never-ending subordination.

In 1867 the chairman of an investigating committee declared in the House of Representatives, as the result of his inquiry, that "as a general rule those who, for some defect or incorrect habit in mind or character, have been unable to succeed in the open competition of business, have been forced by their relatives or friends upon the public service." If by incorrect or defective habits of mind and character are meant those weaknesses, peculiarities, and idiosyncrasies, which arise from feebleness, wounds, disease, age, etc., I think the statement is correct. If it means dishonesty or moral turpitude, I am certain it is wrong. And this class of clerks is quite large. The same speaker advocated competitive examination as a means of improving the service. In this respect I must wholly differ with him. I am confident that this or any other method of selection, except the arbitrary selection of the chiefs of bureaus who have to employ the clerks, and are to be held responsible for their work, would result in more harm than good. All civil-service clerical examinations, whether pass, as under the law of 1853, or competitive, as under that of 1871, must necessarily be of an educational character, while it is not superior education but superior judgment, probity, energy, executive capacity, tractability, etc., that are needed in the departments, and these are qualities which no civil-service examinations can detect or determine. Most important of all things in the civil service is it necessary that a superior should have the power to appoint and dismiss his subordinates at pleasure—he being accountable for the discreet exercise of this power to his superior. Without this there

can be no discipline and no thorough administration.

The great vice of the service has been the lack of competent and energetic cabinet-officers, who, like Mr. Guthrie, when he was Secretary of the Treasury, could grapple with the details of the departments, and keep all parts of the vast machine in proper subordination and activity.

The next greatest vice has been the lack of competent and energetic bureau-officers amenable to the will, not of Congress, but of their superior officers—bureau-officers able and willing to fill their places to the extent required by the law; to bring their clerical forces up to the requirements of the service; to appoint and promote only the meritorious, and dismiss the superfluous and worthless.

The least vice has been a superfluity of poor clerks.

So long as the tenure-of-office law remains to shield incompetency and indolence, so long will these vicious elements in the civil service remain. There is good material in the service, and enough of it. What it needs is careful supervision above, and constant sifting below—and for many years it has had neither. Let the reform be once inaugurated, the bureau-officers held by the cabinet to intelligent and strict accountability, and the clerks held the same way by the bureau-officers, and there will be no further reforms on the subject required. Our clerical force is intelligent enough already—far more intelligent than an equal number of either English, French, German, Scandinavian, or Russian government clerks, as I can aver from personal and late inquiry. What it needs is good officering.

Promotions from the rank and file to commissions in our civil service are not only of rare occurrence, but even then are accorded less by way of reward for meritorious service, as they should always be, than to political influence, or other outside pressure. This I consider entirely wrong. I think the bureau-officers should be selected from among the clerks, and the heads of departments from among the bureau-officers; not always, but, as a general rule not to be departed from without cause. This may be objected to on party grounds, but not when it is known, as is the fact, that there are always plenty of men of both parties, and plenty of no party, in the departments; there being even now, after thirteen years of party proscription, a pretty fair sprinkling of Democrats, and an overwhelming majority of neutrals, in office.

This single and simple reform of promotion from the ranks would, I am confident, do more to encourage merit, and induce wise and energetic administration in the civil service, than any other measure which has yet been advocated. So far as I had the power to carry out this principle while in office it was the one I always pursued, after I had made some preliminary and unsatisfactory experiments in other directions—for example, under the "political recommendation" system, and under the civil-service law of 1853. My chief clerk I promoted from a division, my division commanders from the clerks of the highest class, and the latter from the classes below them.

But the general practice is entirely different. Division clerks without any experience are placed over men often superior to them in every respect but political or social influence; chief clerks are appointed, like *Fritz* in "La Grande Duchesse," through all the grades, from the ranks to the head of the forces, within the briefest possible time; bureau-officers without any experience are appointed at every change of administration to supervise affairs which cannot be mastered before it is time for them to give way to a new set of politicians equally unsophisticated in the work of administration; and heads of departments are called to office with the powers and responsibilities of kings, but utterly destitute of practical training or preparation for the rôles they are to sustain, and in which the slightest blunder will perhaps affect the fortunes, the welfare, the happiness of millions of people.

Happily, the government has at most but certain functions to discharge; otherwise there would be a revolution, as in France, with every generation.

THE LINK BETWEEN.

JUST before I go to sleep,
Whispering unto God your name,
Pause I, wondering if for me
You are doing just the same.

This I promised unto you,
When we two sat side by side;
I with all-regretful eyes
Opened on you sad and wide.

Far-off sounds of laughter came,
Faintly through the open door;
We but thought that each should look
On the other's face no more.

And how dear I was to you,
I could measure by the pain
That o'erflowed me when I thought,
"We shall never meet again!"

But I hushed my heart, and said,
Looking firmly in your eyes:
"One thing I can do for you,
Though I am not otherwise.

"I will take your name to God,
As a surety, every night,
For your safety, and with Him
Help to keep your memory bright."

Standing up, you took my hand—
Yours was cold as any stone—
You said: "Oh, how hard to part
And be ever more alone!

"But, if nightly thoughts may cross,
Travelers 'twixt you and me,
Comforted, a little space,
Shall each exiled spirit be!"

Every night I say your name,
Softly, piteously, to God;
I would turn my face your way,
But the world is very broad!

And I wonder, half asleep,
While I try your eyes to see,
If your heart is with me there—
If you send a thought to me!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

MISCELLANY.

MINOR ORIGINAL ARTICLES, TRANSLATIONS, AND SELECTIONS.

DRESS, AN ART.

"A MAN of taste" is a term which we naturally connect rather with general culture, poetic instinct, and æsthetic imagination, than with common-sense. This homely quality, however, enters largely into all questions of taste, and in none more so than that of dress. Nothing is thought more easy, or found more difficult, than for a man to dress well. It may be set down as a fourth item in the list of things which every man thinks he can do—drive a buggy, play at euchre, and give advice on all emergencies.

Reader, you doubt me? You maintain it is easy to dress well? Very well. But I have an argument which I think will stagger you. Take your own acquaintances. Out of the large number of men of ample means who aim at dressing well, how many, in your estimation, succeed?

If you reply "Hundreds," I have done; we don't agree, but we have brought the argument to a satisfactory point, and I say, without being the least offended with you, do not take the trouble to read further. If, on the contrary, you think a good dresser as great a rarity as a sincere man or a pretty woman who does not know it, why, we will amicably proceed to examine the subject.

Why do so many fail? It is not like a race, where the success of one means the failure of others; nor like the forum, where A's would be a brilliant career if B and C did not perpetually outshine him. Here things are not relative. Men's dress is not even like ladies', where the longest purse—taste being equal—must bear off the palm. There is, in the abstract, no reason why all men of decent means should not dress well. Practically, however, failure is the rule; and it arises from one of the two following causes:

1. A false ideal.
2. With a right aim, failure in the execution.

Now, just as the most pleasing faces are those where it is impossible to say in what particular the charm consists, in like manner the highest aim of a real *élégant* is so to dress that, when he leaves your sight, you should know, indeed, that he was admirably attired, but, at the same time, be unable to recall the shape or color of any part of his costume.

Society judges men, to a certain extent, by their dress. It troubles itself little how humble your fare may be when you don't invite it to eat with you; it allows you to live up any number of stairs if you don't ask it to climb them; but for dress, in cut and freshness, it expects all men courting it to be equal. A certain amount of attention on this matter every one owes both to himself and the world. Beyond that, happy, mean solicitude on the subject becomes small and unmanly.

There are six principal ways in which different men aim at dressing well, according to which of the six following objects they pursue:

1. To be like the "best set."
2. To appear well off.
3. To avoid remark.
4. To court remark.

5. To set off their persons to the best advantage.

6. To proclaim their favorite taste, as art, horses, boating, etc.

And, for success in any of these aims, a man should constantly ask himself the six following questions:

1. Who am I?
2. What is my age?
3. Where am I going?
4. What to do?
5. What the time of year and day?
6. What the weather?

"Fine feathers make fine birds," but borrowed plumes cannot be resorted to nowadays, because plumes are out of fashion. Here we see a strong instance of extremes meeting. The present style of dress is in theory the most leveling, but practically the most differential and aristocratic the world has yet known. The more the sphere of choice in dress is narrowed, the more hopeless become all attempts of the vulgar to pass for high-bred. Men of refined bearing would almost seem to have long had this fact in view, for it is due to their example that plainness has gradually become, both here and in Europe, the chief characteristic of their style. This is checkmate to an under-bred imitator; for, if he ventures on simplicity, he looks nothing, and, the moment he calls in finery to his assistance, he ceases to be like his models.

I will venture to suggest a few special points to those who aim at a high-bred standard. Dressiness is to dress what stagniness is to the stage. It defeats its own end. Follow the fashion, but at a respectful distance. Avoid all materials with a pattern, even for cravats and waistcoats. They might be called ugly, and that would be sad; they might be called pretty, and that would be fatal. Whatever the color of your coat, never let it be lighter than your trousers. This does not apply to an overcoat. Any thing like *fancy* in boots or shoes—as white stitching, buttons that don't really button, and so forth—would kill the otherwise most faultless get-up. Any article which looks "nice" on a tailor's show-table, or in a shop-window, must be distrusted. From autumn till spring, never show shirt-front or wear white waistcoats, except, of course, in evening-dress. Cuffs must be positively made *on* the shirt, and collars are better the same, but this is not essential. A watch-chain must not represent much money. Diamonds can only be worn in a finger-ring. Studs are only allowable in evening-dress, except small, plain ivory or mother-of-pearl ones. Velvet collars can be worn only in winter, and then but on frock, evening, or overcoats. Avoid the Parisian defect of letting your clothes look as if they were ironed on the person after being first glued to it; neither must you have your things so loose as to make it appear that they have been thrown at you, and hung there. That which is quite suitable upon a very young and handsome man becomes *outré* if worn by one devoid of these advantages. All artifices employed for correcting the shortcomings of Nature are commendable, provided (as ladies, alas! do not always remember when they make up their faces) they defy detection; but otherwise the fraud only directs attention to the defect it was intended to hide. Even when one shoulder is a little higher than the other, experience shows that there is more lost than gained by padding up the falling side. This absurd custom is very prevalent. I met an extreme case in point last Thursday, and have not yet recovered from the shock. Hearken to what I had to endure from the ignorance or carelessness of a fellow-creature. His hat said he was poor, and was contradicted flat by a diamond-pin; while the shirt, though in the very grip of that jewel, boldly called out to the hat that it agreed with it.

The gauzy cravat announced a sultry day, while the seal-skin waistcoat told me of mid-winter. A black-velvet collar and patent-leather boots spoke of ceremonious visits to be paid; but the coat of gray tweed, and thick dog-skin gloves, laughingly exulted in their own announcement that they would be thrust out of any lady's drawing-room, and informed me, without any false shame, that a cock-fight was the probable destination of their wearer. The black trousers, calling my attention to the silk braid down their sides, darkly hinted at balls and parties.

In conclusion, avoid solecisms. Remember that every object which meets the eye is always saying something. A face in movement or repose, a suit of clothes upon a man, or it matters not what example we take—every thing, I say, is ever speaking to the eye of all observers; and, note, when not speaking sense, speaking nonsense. I know nothing capable of talking such mute nonsense as the attire of an ill-dressed man, or which is therefore so opposed to what I started by speaking about—common-sense.

A.

A CODE OF GOOD-BREEDING OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

(Translated from the French for the JOURNAL.)

We have seen how, had we lived in France two hundred years ago, we could have entered the houses of the great, and have avoided sinning against the proprieties.* Now let us look at the *contre-partie*—what we should have had to do when one of the great visited us.

If you are advised of the visit of the person of quality, says De Courtin, you must go and meet him at his carriage, at its very door if possible, and, if circumstances permit, you must have his carriage enter the court-yard. You must have either your sword at your side or your mantle on your shoulders, or, should you be wearing your sword that day, then you must appear with both your sword and your mantle, it being indecent to appear otherwise.

You must introduce the person of quality into the most honorable room of your house, offer him an arm-chair, being careful to occupy a less pretentious seat yourself, and even not to sit at all except at his solicitation. When your visitor retires, you must accompany him as far as his carriage, and should it be a lady you must offer her your hand, if there is no one present "more qualified" to do so. And, having seen your visitor to his carriage, you must wait at the door till he drives away. All this is very well, and De Courtin merits our further commendation for adding: It is to be remarked that it is not alone to persons of "high quality" to whom we must do honor in our houses, but also to every other person who may be looked upon as a stranger—that is, to all who are neither our servants nor our inferiors. We must go out to receive them also, must introduce them into our handsomest room, give them the place of honor at the table—in a word, we must be nearly as civil to them as to persons of quality, if we would appear well bred.

Very good! This has the genuine ring, and your right-thinking "person of quality" will esteem himself more honored by this fashion of understanding hospitality than by all the low bows and hand-kissing with which the usages of social life can be encumbered.

A word about hand-kissing. This is imperative, says our author, whether we receive an object from or give one to a person of quality. We must first remove our glove to

receive or to give, after which we kiss the hand. Here we are again fallen from the courtesy which elevates him who renders it to the courtesy which degrades both him who renders and him who receives.

Instead of "Traité de la Civilité," one is often tempted to read "Traité de la Servilité." For example, when we see that, at a place of amusement whatsoever, we must guard carefully against expressing an opinion before the person of quality whom we may have for a neighbor has expressed his.

This leads us to saying a few words about the manner of conducting one's self in company. And first it is "very improper in a company of ladies, and even in every *compagnie sérieuse*, to lay aside one's mantle, to take off one's wig or *pourpoint*, or to cut one's nails, etc." All right, so far as the wig, *pourpoint*, and nails are concerned, but why should it be improper to lay aside one's mantle when we have seen that it is grossly uncivil not to remove it on entering the houses of the great? We will not attempt to fathom the profound subtleties of the *savoir-vivre* of the past.

It is very unbecoming and improper, protests De Courtin, in a man, if he find himself in the society of ladies, to kiss by surprise, to take off their head-dresses, to take their handkerchiefs, their bracelets, or ribbons, to carry off their letters or books, or to look at their tablets, etc. This passage would seem to intimate that our excellent fathers, the contemporaries of the great Louis, took strange liberties.

Among the singular recommendations figures that of not calling one's wife by one's name or title, or by any playful term, as, for example, "if it is a president who speaks, it is improper to say 'Madame la Présidente, *mon cœur, ma fanfan*.'" (my heart, my darling, my duck), "is the most this, or the most that, etc., instead of saying simply, my wife."

As for a woman who speaks of her husband, she may, "in the presence of persons of mediocre quality, call him Monsieur —, adding his name, but in the presence of persons of quality she must say, my husband."

In discoursing on the subject of personal cleanliness, the noble De Courtin takes occasion to recommend to his readers that they not only keep their hair properly dressed and their teeth clean, but also that they keep their hands clean, and even their feet, especially in summer, in order not to *faire mal au cœur* (make sick at the stomach) those with whom they converse.

These four words, "and even the feet," suggest horrid pictures of the cleanliness of the "great century."

If there is one chapter in De Courtin's volume more characteristic of his age than another, it is the chapter he devotes to compliments. The polite Courtin does not fail to treat the subject *ex professo*—here he seems to be in his true element. For persons visiting there are two sorts of compliments: 1. Compliments of condolence, congratulation, etc.; 2. Compliments purely laudative, which are to be indulged in when one has nothing special to say. These latter are the most delicate, ticklish (*sacrez*). To these, in consideration of the address they require, the author devotes particular attention.

It is no easy matter, truly, to make a man, of whom one makes a target to fire phrases at, believe that the phrases come from the heart. At least, we should, in any case, in order to satisfy all the subtle laws of politeness, have our lesson well studied. "If we can convince the person to whom we speak," says De Courtin, "that we are ourselves persuaded of his merit, the compliment becomes sincere and obliging, even if he to whom we pay it knows in his soul that it is not merited." Admirable casuistry, certainly!

As illustration is always more edifying

and instructive than theory, we will reproduce a specimen of this conversation *d'compliments*, which our author is pleased to suppose between a lady and gentleman. The cavalier is introduced into a cabinet, where there is a lady occupied painting.

"Eh, monsieur, not wait till you are bidden to enter?"

"So much respect is certainly due, mademoiselle, to this temple of the muses. I fear I profane it."

"You are pleased, monsieur, to do great honor to this little cabinet."

"What, mademoiselle, is not the temple of the muses there where reign *les beaux-arts*?"

"But I hear that there were nine of the muses and I am alone."

"There were nine, I confess, but you alone, mademoiselle, are worth the whole nine. The one was ignorant of what the other knew, and you know more than all of them together."

"Pardon me, monsieur, you cover me with confusion."

"It is therein, mademoiselle, that you are so superior to the nine wise women, that you accompany such extraordinary talent with so much modesty."

Of course, the picture painted by this rival of the nine muses has to be examined and admired.

"Ah, but that is beautiful!" cries the cavalier. "These waves of the sea—how true to Nature, how admirable in color! How is it possible, mademoiselle, that you, who are so mild and gentle, should be able to represent so perfectly an element so rude and boisterous?"

And in this tone the interlocutors continue.

This is doubly amusing from the fact that the author began by disclosing that there is nothing he more dislikes than affectation, and that those who pay extravagant compliments deceive themselves sadly. Here we have one of the key-notes of the time.

Finally, De Courtin finishes this chapter by informing the reader that it is very impolite for an inferior to inquire of a superior with regard to the state of his health. Nevertheless, he does not positively forbid an inferior to express his satisfaction or his regrets on the subject; but how can the matter be managed? De Courtin is equal to the occasion. The inferior must make the necessary inquiries, *en secret*, of a servant, and then, being able to use the affirmative instead of the interrogative form, he will phrase his compliment thus:

"I have great pleasure, monseigneur, in seeing you in such good health."

Very ingenious, certainly.

And, since we have the inferior and superior *en vis-à-vis*, let us send them into the street together, and examine, with De Courtin, the grave question, *How we should walk with a person of quality?*

"If we are obliged to walk in the street with a superior, we must give him the side next to the wall, and be careful not to keep at his side, but a little behind him, except when he speaks to us and we are compelled to reply; then we must be uncovered."

In a garden we might suppose the unfortunate inferior would have some respite, but no; here, too, this implacable ceremonial pursues him. Listen:

"If you should walk in a garden with one of the great, you must be careful to keep always on his left side at every turn, and this, too, *sans affectation*."

This is not very difficult to compass, there being only two; but, when there are three, the situation becomes complicated. Then the middle is the place of honor; the right the second place, and the left the third.

Now, suppose, with De Courtin, that two

* "A New Treatise on Civility, as practised in France by Polite People in 1689," by Antoine de Courtin.—See JOURNAL of April 18, 1874.

seigneurs, wishing to listen to the narrative of a plebeian, place him between them. The position is a thorny one—for the pleb. No one can accuse De Courtin of avoiding difficulties; on the contrary, he seems to court them, to delight in them.

And how does he get out of this one? Attention:

"It is necessary, in such a case, to always turn, at the end of a walk, toward the superior of the two seigneurs; if they are of equal rank, then we must turn alternately toward the one and the other, and not fail to quit the middle as soon as our recital is ended."

On the subject of salutations, De Courtin says that bows should always be made very low.

But these low bows, which were imperative *vis-à-vis* of the great of either sex, had their drawbacks.

Describing the salutation, he adds:

"It must be made by bending the body humbly, while you remove your glove and carry your hand to the ground. Above all, you must not make this salutation with precipitation or embarrassment, or raise your head quickly, for fear that the person saluted may also have bowed, in which case you must be careful to avoid a collision of heads."

Ah, in the much-eulogized, old school-days, nothing was done by halves, not even their bows or their *coups de chapeaux*!

CHARACTERISTICS OF FOX AS AN ORATOR.

THOUGH a statesman of the first order, yet it was oratory which gave to Fox an indisputable preëminence among his contemporaries. He was born with the oratorical temperament; from youth upward, his ambition was to become a great speaker. He was endowed with an understanding of exceeding quickness, with an imagination of great brilliancy, with feelings of great mobility and tenderness; he had read much in the ancient and modern languages; a retentive memory enabled him to utilize his vast stores of information and illustrations, while his logical disposition led him to marshal in faultless symmetry and imposing array all the arguments he adduced to prove a case or enforce a proposition. His constant appeal was to the intellect, and his aim was to convince by reasoning. He was as practical as Demosthenes. He had none of Cicero's besetting anxiety to demonstrate, when pleading a cause or advocating a policy, that he was an unrivaled master of fine language. No contemporary orator was his parallel. Chatham was a greater adept in dramatic effects. Burke was far more ornate and profound. William Pitt poured forth sentences infinitely superior in finish and melody. Lord North was more uniformly witty; Charles Townshend and Sheridan were more uniformly brilliant. None, however, among the elder or younger generation of speakers succeeded in making an audience feel, as Fox did, that they were listening to arguments which could not be refuted, and to common-sense it was hardly possible to gainsay.

From March, 1769, when he delivered his maiden speech, till June, 1806, when he addressed the House of Commons for the last time, Fox had to maintain his ascendancy as a speaker against veterans in debate and younger men of extraordinary oratorical talents. He began by rivaling George Grenville, Lord North, Wedderburne, Barré, Rigby, Dundas, Dunning, and Edmund Burke. George Grenville was fluent, self-possessed, well-informed; he could harangue by the hour, and utter hard facts by the score; it was impossible to disconcert him, nor was it easy to return a complete or even plausible

answer to the conclusion deduced from his premises. Lord North was one of the speakers the House always delights to honor. His brilliancy never confounded the country gentleman; he was never too tedious for the well-read; sparkling in repartee, quick in retort, he was certain to give utterance, in the course of a speech, to one of the happy sayings which are the salt of parliamentary oratory, are applauded, remembered, and quoted. His exquisite tact, equable temper, inexhaustible good-humor, placable disposition, and clever sallies, made him a general favorite, and earned for him a popularity closely resembling in its basis and character that enjoyed, during many years, by Lord Palmerston. Wedderburne was pert and unscrupulous; a clever debater, though a successful counsel; overflowing with conceit, yet possessing sufficient ability to justify his presumption. Barré boldly and bluntly gave utterance to unwelcome truths; made a name by vilifying Chatham, and made a position by acting as his follower; he inspired dread by the confidence of his manner, and aroused many a laugh by his pointed wit; his audacity and cleverness rendered him as formidable an opponent as the stanch and stern Jacobite, "downright Shippen." Rigby was a glib speaker, but no orator; he affected the plainness and uprightness of a Diogenes. His studied roughness and avowed detestation of pretense and insincerity; his genuine indifference to personal attacks; his complete want of feeling and sensibility; his unrivaled skill in enriching himself at the public cost, made him a power among his fellows. Dundas knew nearly as well as Rigby how to dip his hand into the national purse; as a speaker, he was equally coarse and dogmatic, without hypocritically parading his honesty and consistency; in political courage, he could not be excelled; in no case could he be abashed; during the greater portion of his career, he divided with Pitt the management of the House of Commons, and ruled Scotland in the interest of his party, for the enrichment of his family and followers, and in the name of George III. Dunning, one of the first among contemporary lawyers, was also one of the weightiest among parliamentary debaters. His voice was harsh and grating; his manner of speaking was detestable. Yet his matter was always excellent; he was so logical, sensible, and practical, that, whenever he addressed the House, he was heard with profound attention and marked respect. Edmund Burke towered above his contemporaries as a philosophical politician, as a scholar, as a genius. His learning was illumined by a blazing imagination; his utterances were adorned with the most gorgeous and apt illustrations; he had every gift which forms an orator save that of attractive delivery, and every endowment of a statesman save sound judgment. Burke, who was the senior of Fox, taught him lessons which were priceless; the pupil profited so well by the teaching as to outstrip his master, and take rank above him, as well as above other contemporaries, as the prince of parliamentary leaders and debaters.

Among the younger men, Fox met with a dangerous rival in the person of William Pitt. The early speeches of Pitt were masterpieces. Eloquence was his heritage, and the House of Commons the predestined theatre for its display. The lucidity of his exposition, the vigor of his declamation, the sting of his sarcasm, the regular flow and careful finish of his sentences, were as notable and striking when he first entered Parliament as they were after he had become its acknowledged ornament. . . .

Sheridan, Windham, Wilberforce, Francis, Canning, and Grey, who also belonged to the younger generation of accomplished speakers, were all men of remarkable powers, yet none

of them bore away the palm of oratory from Fox. On a sudden emergency, Sheridan produced no greater impression than men of inferior talent; he required to meditate in the closet before he could shine in the senate; both Fox and Pitt prepared themselves to be orators, whereas Sheridan prepared himself to speak. Windham was pronounced by Fox to be one of the first speakers in Parliament. His attractive oratory could not compensate for utter lack of statesmanship; he was subject to passing whims, and to dilate upon crotchets; his desire was that his personal whims should be approved by his fellows, and his crotchets embalmed in legislation. Wilberforce, with a character which commanded respect, and a voice of singular sweetness, appealed with irresistible effect to the finest feelings of human nature when pleading, with an earnestness which was the highest eloquence, the cause of the poor slave; but, on general topics, he was no safe guide, and no distinguished discourses. Sir Philip Francis, by carefully studying the letters of "Junius," had caught the manner of their author; he was naturally passionate and unscrupulous, and he delivered his opinions with a point and force, a bitterness of invective and an appropriateness of epithet, which attracted general attention. Canning's play of fancy and Grey's imposing declamation were, from the beginning of their careers, admired by the House; but their oratorical reputation did not culminate till after Fox had passed away.

His distinguishing trait as a speaker was spontaneity. His utterances were what, in a letter to Dr. Parr, he held those of a commanding orator ought to be, "the immediate, instantaneous expression of his thoughts." His preparation consisted in mastering his subject and accumulating facts. How he should turn these facts to account depended on the mood of the assembly he rose to address. Words never failed him. But to spin sentences for the mere pleasure of talking was what he never did himself, and never could tolerate in others. In his day the successful school-boy, as in ours the successful capitalist, could always speak fluently and ineffectively on any subject. At that time, however, phrases would be listened to, notwithstanding their utter emptiness, provided they were cast in a rhetorical shape. It was then considered impertinence to address a body of educated and critical men in the careless and incorrect language of familiar conversation. Hence, the speeches were monotonously rhetorical.—"The Opposition under George III.," by W. F. Rae

OUTLAWS AND EXILES.

IRELAND has had her outlaws, civil and political, almost as numerous as her exiles. They were, in the first instance, her patriots, who retreated to their wilds and fastnesses in order to sustain the national freedom. Ordinarily the history of such people has more romance in it than crime. They may be called outlaws by their invaders, and they may make invasion rather troublesome, but our sympathies are likely rather to go with them than against them—as in English history, for instance, we side with the Welsh who took to their hills, rather than with the Saxons who dispossessed them, and—when the rule of the latter was overthrown—rather with the Saxon that succumbed and suffered, than with the Norman that oppressed.

Our repugnance has only arisen when such men have at length been tempted to forget the general good in the indulgence of their own—when, in their refusal to submit to new laws, they have at length failed to respect the oldest—till, all authority being at an end, all

order has expired with it, or, on being re-established in some individual will, that will become released from all moral obligations. Some exceptions to the rule of the latter are, of course, to be adduced, as in the case of Robin Hood, whose merry life in Sherwood Forest, however insubordinate, was tempered with so much generosity and gayety that its character will always appear to us much more romantic than really criminal.

Of the patriot class of Irish outlaws, the victorious O'Neil, known in English annals as Tyrone, is one of the earliest and most memorable—the ingenuity and skillfulness of the resources he adopted being not less remarkable than the courageous spirit that sustained them. As time, however, advances, a lower type succeeds. We have the robber *par et simple*, as in the case of "Ned of the Hill," but who still contrived to mingle some little romantic element with his predatory doings. He was an accomplished musician, as well as a highly-intrepid captain—could use his tongue as well as his sword, and was quite as dangerous, it appears, to the fairer sex as to the coarser.

Less graceful, but not less adventurous, was the long-remembered Charley Dempsey, better known under his Irish title of *Cahir na Coppel*, or Charley of the Horses. He was a Queen's County hero, where tradition, I believe, still points to his grave among the hills, and was more distinguished as a robber of cattle than of ordinary property, making constant inroads on the English settlements, and carrying off their horses, which, it is said, he dragged away by their tails, in the manner of the classic giant, in order to avoid their being tracked. Numerous stories are recounted of his cleverness as well as boldness, and in the sale of his stolen merchandise, as well as in its seizure. On one occasion, it is said, a purchaser asked him to be candid. "Is it a good horse you are selling me?"

"For what do you want him?" was the answer.

"To send to England."

"Oh, he'll do for that; he's a good horse for exportation; he's very well at sea, if he isn't worth much upon land."

At some interval of time succeeded the "Claude Duval" school of outlaws—the gentlemanly highwaymen, who elevated robbery almost into a refinement, and of whom the great exemplar was the famous Redmond O'Hanlon. His exactions were all levied with as much courtesy on the men as they were marked by a fine air of gallantry toward the ladies. His example became infectious—others assumed his courtly manners, and one even had the audacity to make use of his name. Whereupon, jealous of a fame which had made his career so exceptional, he disguised himself, and contrived to fall in with his presumptuous counterfeit; and, when politely asked for his purse in the name of Redmond O'Hanlon, he, with equal grace, demurring to being pillaged by himself, speedily disarmed the pretender, and carried him off to the neighboring town, where, by means of his emissaries, he gave him up to justice.

The disbanding of James II.'s army led to the next phase of outlaw life, when the better portion of those soldiers having enrolled themselves in foreign service, the dregs remained behind and formed the worst kind of marauders, under the title of Rapparees. The derivation of their name is uncertain, though it is commonly connected with their principal implement—a pike; but no doubt lingers as to their character, the viciousness of which had acquired a tinge of ferocity from their military experience. These were succeeded in the next century by bands of political offenders—the "White-boys" and "Peep-o'-Day Boys"—who rose against the Penal Code, or in hostility to a rival communion. These men were not robbers in the

ordinary sense of the term, but they were outlaws, nevertheless, and in many cases suffered the extremest penalties of the law.

The ludicrous, however, in their instance, as in that of grander culprits, was often mingled with a gloomy fate and a stern display of justice. A White-boy, who was a blacksmith, and who was condemned to transportation for life, excited powerful sympathy on the score of his professional merits. He lived in a hunting-county where his aid was thought so valuable, that an application was made to the judge in order that his sentence might be mitigated.

"He is the only man, your honor," said the influential deputation, "who can shoe a horse for miles about us."

"Impossible, gentlemen," replied the Rhadamanthus; "an example must be made."

"Very true," observed the applicants; "but, you see, we have only got one blacksmith, while we have a crowd of idle weavers. Could not you take one of the weavers?"

The Rapparees, as I have said, were the worst marauders Ireland has produced. Disbanded soldiers of the lowest class, they united to their vices sufficient order to enable them to rob on an extensive scale; and, till they were dispersed by regular troops, they contrived to lay the country under pretty general contribution. Still, it must be owned that, with all their villainy, these fellows had a spice of humor which, if it did no credit to its nationality, unmistakably proclaimed it.

One of them, arrested for a highway robbery, on being brought before a magistrate, asserted that he was more entitled to be pitted than to be punished.

"Pitied!" exclaimed the justice, while his eyebrows arched with more than ordinary wonder and contempt; "and on what account, pray?"

"Sure, on account of my misfortune."

"Your misfortune, indeed! What! that we have caught you, I suppose?"

"Oh, the gentleman that's brought me here knows my misfortune well enough."

But the gentleman was as astonished as the magistrate himself, and as incapable of guessing the culprit's meaning.

"You will own, I suppose," said his worship, "that you stopped this gentleman on the highway?"

"Oh, yes, I did that same."

"And that you took from him fifty pounds in Bank-of-Wexford bills?"

"And there your honor's right again."

"Well, then, you perplexing vagabond, what do you mean by your misfortune?"

"Sure, I mean that the money wasn't in my pocket above a week, when the dirty bank stopped payment, and I was robbed of every shillin'."—"Life and Unpublished Papers of Samuel Lover" (London, 1874).

THE DELAWARE WHIPPING-POST.

To the Editor of Appleton's Journal.

DEAR SIR: I have read with some interest the article in the last number of your JOURNAL upon the subject of the method of punishing criminals which prevails in Delaware. It was my fortune, a few years ago, to publish a description of the scene at the New Castle whipping-post, which first directed public attention to the matter; and I have since given the subject a great deal of thought. With your permission, I will state what seem to me to be the chief objections to the use of the lash as an instrument of justice, and to the Delaware system generally:

1. The Delaware system gives to the officer who executes the sentence of the court too great discretionary power. If a convict

is sentenced to receive forty lashes, the sheriff may kill him by use of extreme force, or he may make the punishment insufficient, by showing too much mercy. No executive officer, who may be bribed or frightened, who may have some personal injury to avenge, or who may be either very tender-hearted or very cruel, should have such latitude. The judge, who is alone responsible for administering the law, should be able to fix the penalty with absolute exactness. In Delaware this is simply impossible.

2. The plan of compelling a released prisoner to wear a convict's dress was not devised for the purpose of humiliating the convict, but to compel him to leave the State; and every criminal who is so attired moves at once to the border. This is a beautiful process for Delaware! but the result is that the convicts bred in that State ultimately are added to the criminal population of neighboring States, and to the jails of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Maryland, where they are supported by the tax-payers of those States.

3. The first purpose of the criminal code of a civilized community should be to place an offender under restraint, so that he cannot violate the law again—at least for a time—and the second purpose should be to endeavor to reform him. Delaware not only turns her rogues loose upon her neighbors, but she hardens them and confirms them as villains, by a public punishment which marks them forever as scoundrels, and shuts them out hopelessly from all chance of reform. A man who has stood in the pillory, or suffered a flogging in the presence of three or four hundred spectators, feels that he can never succeed again in passing through the world in the character of an honest man, no matter how sincere his repentance may be.

4. The punishment is unjust, because it is applied for very unequal crimes. A horse-thief or a burglar is flogged with thirty or forty lashes; and a child who has stolen a trifle worth a dollar is lashed with nearly as many stripes. I have seen a boy of twelve years, who had stolen seventy-five cents' worth of old iron, beaten with twenty stripes, while an old offender, whose guilt was infinitely greater, received no larger number. A proper criminal code would have sent the child to a reform-school; the Delaware code branded him before the world as a thief, and probably made him a thief for life.

5. The Delaware system is not, as its advocates claim, efficacious for the prevention of crime. The number of criminals who appear at the whipping-post shows no signs of decrease, and it has frequently happened that those who have been lashed return to be lashed again. Such a man was among those who were flogged last May. Upon my first visit to the jail-yard at New Castle, a man was whipped who had endured the punishment twice before; and I do not doubt that, if we could ascertain the truth, it would be found that sufferers from the lash frequently return. At any rate, here are two of whom I know positively that they were lashed more than once.

Finally, it may be said that the plea that Delaware cannot afford to maintain a penitentiary is worthless. The taxes levied by the State are much lighter than they are in most other States; the people are wealthy, and in the town of New Castle, where the greatest number of criminals are punished, the people have no borough taxes to pay, but enjoy a large revenue from certain farms given to the town by William Penn. This is sufficient to pay the entire expense of the schools, water-works, etc., and to leave a considerable surplus. I do not know of a community that is more highly favored in this respect, and I am certain that the people in the other portions of the State have no reason to complain of the trifling burden im-

posed upon them by their government. But even if they were poor, I contend that they ought to be just, not only to their criminals, but to their neighbors, who have enough to do to maintain prisons for their own convicted felons. C.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF KAULBACH.

(From the German for the JOURNAL.)

KAULBACH was no recluse. His house in Gartenstrasse, Munich, was the rendezvous of a select circle. Seldom did an artist, a man of letters, or any one having a place in the intellectual world, visit Munich without being received at his hospitable board.

He was not much of a talker, but he knew how, by a pertinent remark, to stimulate others, or, by a critical observation, to excite discussion. His nature found it easier and more consonant to express his thoughts in images than in words. His pencil served him better than his tongue to convey his impressions.

Sometimes, however, when he was in a circle of intimates, he would speak freely of his life and ambitions. I remember several such instances.

The first picture that brought Kaulbach much into notice was the representation of a scene in an insane-asylum. The picture never fails to make a deep and usually an indelible impression. One seems to see in it the whole history of the sufferings of the several figures. The insane men and women, gathered together in the court-yard of the institution, have each a marked individuality. The human passions in these unfortunates, distorted and magnified, are pictured with a master-hand.

Kaulbach gave, concerning the production of this picture, the following account: Cornelius was called by King Louis of Bavaria to Munich, to fresco the walls of the new royal palace, aided by his best pupils. Young Kaulbach was not among the number selected by the *maestro*. He was not deemed sufficiently far advanced in his art to take part in executing the royal commission, and consequently was left behind in Düsseldorf with the other younger pupils. Kaulbach knew that he had no right to expect Cornelius to take him to Munich; still, the gifted youth was grieved to think he could not take advantage of so excellent an opportunity to distinguish himself. While he was in this mood he met a friend, the physician of an insane-asylum, near Düsseldorf, who cheered him up in this wise:

"If the King of Bavaria won't have your frescoing, and that of your young comrades," said he, "I will, as I will prove to you by giving you a commission. In the large hall of my asylum you may do as much frescoing as you like. As for money, I can promise you none; but you shall have a plenty of good wine to quench your thirst, and a good supply of bread and cheese to still your hunger."

Kaulbach went energetically to work, and, aided by his comrades, embellished the naked walls with pictures. When the work was finished, the physician invited his young friends, one evening, to a little banquet. When the cloth had been removed the physician said to his guests: "My young friends, I would in some way evince my gratitude for your labor, and I know of no better way of doing so than by giving you something of the result of my special studies and large observation. You will see therein a lesson, I trust, that will be of some value to you through life. We are all endowed with passions, which we are compelled to watch over in order to keep them in subjection. Since you have been coming here you will have observed that many have

become insane because they put no restraint upon their passions." In this spirit he now narrated the history of several of his patients.

The occasion made a deep impression on Kaulbach. His own passions, he felt, were strong, and he began to fear them. The stories of the sufferings of the insane haunted him day and night, like terrible warnings. Even after he left Düsseldorf, and became the occupant of a little garret-room in Munich, his mind, despite all his endeavors to shake them off, continued to dwell on these horrors. Finally he conceived the idea of freeing himself from this mental persecution by representing some of the different phases of insanity on canvas. To this end he made further studies in an asylum near Munich. Thus it was that Kaulbach's first picture of recognized merit came to be painted. When it was completed, he felt himself freed from the demons that had so long tormented him.

Soon after this picture was publicly exhibited, an enterprising publisher in Central Germany proposed to the youthful artist that he should paint a series of similar pictures, for which he offered a handsome sum. Kaulbach replied that he would be very willing to paint a series of pictures from the history of Germany, but that he had had enough to do with crazy people. To this the publisher replied that he had no faith in his ability to paint historic subjects in such a manner as to justify him in investing any money in them; that Kaulbach's *forte* lay clearly in the representation of crazy people, and that he would advise him to confine himself to that specialty. To this suggestion Kaulbach replied:

"Were I to follow your advice, I could not avoid putting you into my next picture, and that would not be pleasant."

Kaulbach had long since made for himself a name as an historical painter, when one day "one of the faithful" visited him, and asked if he had read a new work by a Catholic *avant*, in which the writer had carefully collected the scandal about Luther that was currently reported in his time by one of his enemies. Kaulbach replying in the negative, the visitor left the book with him for perusal. A while afterward the churchman called again, and said to Kaulbach:

"Well, what do you think of your reformer now? I hope you are convinced in regard to his true character."

"You know," said Kaulbach, "that I convey my ideas only indifferently and imperfectly in words. I have endeavored to express on canvas my opinion of the kind of history I find in your friend's book, but I fear the picture will not please you."

Then Kaulbach showed his visitor a painting that represented Luther mounted on a winged Pegasus, proudly and boldly soaring over the earth and into the heavens. But as he moved rapidly forward, Pegasus raised his tail and let a few "horse-apples" fall, which a *servant*, who followed on behind, carefully collected in a golden bowl.

"This," said the artist, "will give you an idea of the light in which I view such histories."

ADDISON'S "CATO."

WE now approach the subject of Addison's great tragedy, "Cato." It seems at first likely that Lord Macaulay is right when he says that he got the first idea of it from an absurd play which he saw acted at Venice; though, on the other hand, Tickell places the origin of it at a much earlier period, and Tickell ought to know best. At any rate, he had the first four acts by him for a very long period, possibly fourteen years; it came out in 1713. It was, as all the world knows, a very great

success, and was translated into every European language. To us it seems wonderful that the man who has *infinitely* distanced every man who ever lived in his social essays—that a man who, in his *Tatlers* and *Spectators*, has written paper after paper of the most genial and admirable wit, could have produced any thing so hopelessly dull. Every character not a prig is a villain, and the women are worse prigs than the men. Some people lately have taken exceptions to "King Arthur," as being too prosy for human nature to stand; to such people we could reply in the words of *Polonius*:

"He is for a Jig . . . or he sleeps."

But *Cato* really does go too far for human patience. He is so horribly better than all his neighbors (except *Juba*, a young gentleman of color, who has "caught" Roman virtue from him as ordinary mortals take the small-pox, without apparent reason), that fallen human nature enlists itself in a solemn league against him, and is glad when he stabs himself, hoping that he is dead, and that there is an end of him. Not a bit of it. When Mr. Pecksniff gets so drunk that he has to be carried to bed, Jenkins supposes that he will stay there; but no, Mr. Pecksniff appears on the landing in his shirt, charged with new moral sentiments. It is so with *Cato*; after his cowardly act of suicide he reappears on the stage to die, and is just as virtuous as ever.

Forgive, blessed shade of Addison, our laughter! Conceive the man who wrote the ninety-third *Spectator* writing "Cato!" Why did you, nearly the most pure and perfect wit of your century, *ever publish it*? Why did you listen to Steele, Tickell, and others, about such a great matter, and not use your own judgment, which was in reality the correct one, as far as regards posterity? You distrusted it, and you were right. It would not in the least degree have mattered if any one else had written it; it would have sunk or swum, would have been applauded at the time, and have sunk into obscurity afterward; but a man with Addison's reputation was ill-advised when he published a fifth-class play, and that a dull one. From one end to the other there is not one ghost of an approach to the tender and exquisite grace which we find everywhere in his *Spectator*. Hogarth was of opinion that he could paint great historical subjects, and he tried, and thought he had succeeded; but, in venturing out of his *métier*, he never did worse than Addison did in "Cato." It might be thought impossible that such a genius as Addison's should wholly fail where there is an opportunity for soft human sympathy to have its play; but no! *Cato's* son *Marcus* is killed; the whole scene is remarkably good, except that that dreadful negro *Juba* will insist on uttering moral sentiments worthy of a debating-club in Liberia, which may be compared to *Cato* and water. On meeting his son's corpse, *Cato* very nearly forgets the Whig in the father:

"Cato, meeting the corpse— . . .

"Welcome, my son! here lay him down, my friends, Fall in my sight, that I may view at leisure The bloody corpse, and count these glorious wounds.

How beautiful is death when earned by virtue! Who would not be that youth? What pity is it That we can die but once to serve our country! *Fortius!* behold thy brother, and remember, Thy life is not thine one when Rome demands it. *Juba*.—Was ever man like this?"

We should say not, ourselves, and most profoundly hope not; but we no more pretend to emulate *Cato's* virtues than we intend to say that, according to Addison's showing, *Cato* was a heartless old rascal. The triumph of Roman Whiggism over common human affection in Addison's "Cato" is very singular, coming from a man like Addison, the gentlest of his race.—*Temple Bar*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

FOR many years artists, connoisseurs, and all others of the public having culture and local pride, have discussed, hoped for, and planned in imagination, the establishment of a great national art-gallery in New York. Occasionally it has been intimated that one of our millionaires intended to found such an institution, and, although many disappointments have occurred in these expectations, certain hopeful men still turn their wistful eyes toward the few exceptionally wealthy men who alone have the power to bring the desired institution into existence.

We find, in the last number of *Scribner's Magazine*, some earnest comments by Dr. Holland on this topic, with which all cultivated people must entirely agree. Dr. Holland tells us truly that a city cannot be worthily great simply as a commercial mart, and points out how comparatively small places abroad transcend this metropolis in interest solely by their art-treasures. "Nothing," says he, "gives Munich its charm as a resort except its repositories and schools of art. It is the home of a thousand artists, constantly. The works of Schwanthaler, Piloty, and Kaulbach are there. The city is crowded with magnificent bronzes, all of which are made there. Its galleries of pictures, ancient and modern, attract the travelers of the world. The little town of Dresden owes all its prominence to its picture-gallery, which holds the masterpiece of Raphael. Hundreds of thousands of men and women, from all parts of the world, have visited Dresden, for the sole purpose of seeing its treasures of art, with the Sistine Madonna as their leading attraction. Florence is another home of art, with its Uffizi and Pitti galleries. Take away from Florence its wonderful collection of pictures and statuary, and its principal charm will be gone."

All this must be conceded to be true, but the question remains as to the means that may be taken to dower New York, and our other great cities also, with treasures of art, calculated to give each a worthy place in the ranks of culture.

In discussing the desirability of a great national art-gallery, we all dwell upon its influence as a promoter of taste and as a means of culture. But it seems to us somewhat questionable whether it is quite possible to secure such a gallery until the public taste demands it—until art-culture has been sufficiently diffused and sufficiently developed to create a powerful public opinion in favor of it. An art-gallery worthy of us, while it would be invaluable as a school of art, could only arise as an outcome of the very taste it would be established for the purpose of fostering. Let us inquire, therefore, a little into the prevalence of art-taste in our midst.

That great advances have been made in art-culture during the past twenty or thirty years is very generally conceded. But the love of pictures and the taste for art are with us still very far below what they are abroad. If the reader neglected to peruse the paper under "Fine Arts," in our last number, describing the scenes at the Royal Exhibition in London, he should turn to it and see there exemplified the apathy of our public in art-matters as compared with the intelligent zeal of the English public. It cannot be said with justice that the apathy here arises from the inferior interest of our collections. In extent, our yearly Academy exhibitions fall far short of those of the spring displays in London; but our critic distinctly claims for American landscapes superior quality. We have frequently here asserted this to be true, and are glad to find our instructed collaborator of the same opinion. Our American painters are, many of them, working on a plane rather above the intelligent appreciation of the public, and our galleries are not so much neglected because of their inferior attractiveness, as from a low state of art-sympathy and art-knowledge in our midst. In England, the zeal for art has become something almost phenomenal. The prices paid for pictures are so large, that the fortune of a successful painter is assured. Schools of designs multiply, artists increase in number, new names continually appear upon the rolls of honor, zealous buyers compete for the pictures of favorites, until it would seem as if the whole community pulsated with an æsthetic fever.

We see here very little of this zeal. It is found in a few cultivated circles in our leading cities, and in a few individuals everywhere; but the great public are as indifferent to art as they are ignorant of it—and this indifference and ignorance are found among those who, in the same social level abroad, are cultivated amateurs or instructed critics. Our public needs a general lifting up to an intelligent and enthusiastic oneness with art, to a subtle and profound identification with the purposes and the ideals of the artist. That a great national gallery would contribute very much toward this end is, of course, not to be denied; we wish the millionaires would recognize the fact, and act upon it; but we apprehend that it will be necessary to stimulate the public zeal, to fill the whole public heart with enthusiastic love for the products of the painter's brush and the sculptor's chisel, ere we can hope to see the desired result. Great galleries, like other great institutions, are commonly products of great social forces.

— The art of criticism has nowhere reached a greater maturity than in France during the last fifty years. The Gallic mind is analytical and logical, and nearly every French writer becomes a critic, in whatever

field he may exercise his talents. The modern French novelist or playwright is critical of morals and manners. De Tocqueville was a critic rather than a philosopher. All the eminent writers for the press are keen political critics, and proceed by analysis and dissection. In the field of what we should call criticism proper—the examination of the works of others rather than of general events, principles, or philosophies—what a galaxy have the last two generations presented! At the head, no doubt, stands Sainte-Beuve, easily acknowledged to be the most elegant and far-sighted of all modern censors of letters; there are, too, Mérimée, Prevost-Paradol, Gautier, and, last, though by no means least—at all events, in the attainment of the power won by authoritative criticism—Jules Janin.

Few literary careers have been more interesting than that of this veteran writer of all sorts of scraps, who so long reigned as the Jupiter of criticism in the columns of the *Journal des Débats*, and whose recent death has deprived France of the last of the race of critics who saw and applauded, or in some cases condemned, the rise of such geniuses as Victor Hugo, Lamartine, De Musset, Balzac, Sue, and George Sand. It is true that Janin never reached the goal to which he, in common with all ambitious French authors, aspired—an arm-chair in the Academy; but for more than a quarter of a century he wielded an authority which any academician might have envied, and which even the elegant and philosophic Sainte-Beuve, the flowery Gautier, and the versatile Mérimée, could not rival or approach. Equal to neither of these three, whether as a scholar or as a writer, Jules Janin surpassed them all as a student and interpreter of the average and every-day Parisian taste. Sainte-Beuve was the favorite critic in a comparatively small, cultured circle of scholars and wits; Gautier's ornate and sometimes gushing criticisms appealed to the sympathies of the sentimental and drawing-room world; Janin reigned on the boulevards, among the *flâneurs* and commonplace mass of theatre-goers.

His clear and simple style, which eschewed the obscurities of deeper veins of thought, conveyed judgments which all could understand, and which flattered each theatre-goer by making him imagine that the judgment had already been formed, though unexpressed, in his own mind. He had a certain knack of sarcastic dogmatism, an easy waving-away of artistic claims, and a serene assumption of establishing the fame of this or that actor or artist, which won him the chief place among critics from his very audacity. For Janin was neither a great nor a brilliant writer, nor was he an accomplished scholar.

There were few fields of letters which he did not attempt, and he was certainly the most voluminous author of his time, if we

except, perhaps, the inexhaustible elder Dumas; yet "L'Âne mort et la Femme guillotinée," and "Le Mariage du Critique," his two most notable productions, have long been forgotten, and the least able of Gautier's or Mérimée's works will outlive his best. He tried English and German translations, and probably produced, in his translation of Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe," the very worst French version of an English classic extant.

Inordinately fond of appearing to be a classical scholar, Janin's Latin and Greek quotations were the laughing-stock of scholarly Paris—so unapt, far-fetched, and often wholly irrelevant were they. Yet, as an essayist and critic, he was for Paris what Paul de Kock was as a novelist—the provider and servant of the average Parisian mind, writing so that everybody could understand him, and would recognize his sympathies with the masses, and managing to catch up and express felicitously the vaguely-floating thought of the multitude.

Assuming to himself the arrogant title of "Sovereign of the Critics," he ended by actually acquiring the power which the title implied. He made not only the actors, artists, and poets afraid of him, but the booksellers also, and by a species of terrorism forced the publishers to employ him to write chatty prefaces and to supply the letter-press for their illustrated volumes. "J. J." in the *Journal des Débats*, held the fame of aspirants in the palm of his hand. Amid a host of venal critics, he maintained a reputation for honor beyond suspicion; but no man was more accessible to the influences of personal liking or disliking. An actress who sneered at him foredoomed herself to terrible condemnation in the *Journal*; a little delicate flattery on the part of a rising artist sometimes secured a criticism worth thousands to him.

It is strange that a career so prolific and so versatile as Jules Janin's should have left so little behind, now that it is closed. After all, his work was the work of a drudge and a hack; and he will probably be completely forgotten, except in the personal reminiscences and anecdotes of his time, by the next generation. Nevertheless, in an age more productive in the quantity, if not the quality, of literary labor than any which preceded it, he held a place all his own, in which he was unrivaled.

It is to his credit that he was among the first to recognize and hail the dawning lights of the "romantic school," in whose behalf he engaged in sturdy battle with Sainte-Beuve; and that he welcomed Victor Hugo and Alphonse de Lamartine at a moment when his pen may be said to have been a talisman to open the gates of reputation, and when their struggle with the "classicists" of the Sainte-Beuve and Châteaubriand schools was very far from being an equal one.

—The occasional excess of sentiment and injudicious zeal exhibited by Mr. Bergh in his labors in behalf of dumb creatures, must not blind us to the important service he is rendering the community. It is the characteristic of all reformers that they cannot stop at the prudent limits prescribed by the dispassionate looker-on. Good judgment and moderate measures are simply impossible with men whose passions have been fired by contemplating the evils they rebuke or would reform; in order, indeed, to undertake their unpopular tasks, there must be an absorbing consciousness of the evils they oppose, an intensified sympathy, an exaggeration of feeling, with which the moderation that never oversteps the bounds of discretion is never united.

While one cannot well help deploring this manifestation of excessive zeal, if for no other reason than the injury it does to the cause it fain would serve, he must not underrate the real good that is done. Mr. Bergh and his aides have brought about some notable changes in New York, especially in the condition and treatment of the horse. We see few or none of those sorry-looking, broken-down creatures that once dragged vegetables and fruit about the streets in the service of itinerant dealers. The car-horses and omnibus-horses look now as if they really could stand up to their work. Mr. Bergh has secured or enforced better treatment of this useful animal on all hands, and released from service those that were too old or too feeble for their tasks. Nor are we often now horrified by the exhibition of fierce brutality on the part of drivers. These men, insensible to sympathy for the creatures they once starved with deliberation and beat under every angry impulse, are found to be at least apprehensive for themselves, and, in their wholesome fear of consequences, practise the humanity they may not feel. But Mr. Bergh's services are not wholly restrictive. Cruelty, it is well known, comes quite as often from thoughtlessness and ignorance as it does from malice; and hence it has been the purpose of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to disseminate knowledge upon the subject in which they are concerned, to awaken by instruction an intelligent sympathy, to create by argument and similar influences the right sort of feeling for the inferior animals. The humane treatment that is at first enforced by authority is soon thereafter practised by choice.

Mr. Bergh has not only secured good treatment of animals, but he has conquered respect for himself. At first his efforts were mainly laughed at, and undoubtedly there was often good excuse for the laughter and derision of the public; but Mr. Bergh resolutely persisted, learning something, no doubt, by experience, but succeeding in the end in showing the people the real good he had in view and was accomplishing. The laugh is

now rarely against him, while the public sympathy is almost always with him. So many friends has his good works won that a movement is on foot, we learn, to erect a handsome fountain in one of the city parks which shall be dedicated to and named after him.

—An Englishman visiting the races at Jerome Park complains of their entire lack of out-of-door pleasure, and that picnic character which so notably marks the English Derby. This critic is quite right. We recollect our own disappointment upon visiting Jerome Park, on account of this deficiency in the scene, and for this reason have never cared to visit the place again. At the Derby the ground is covered with carriages, in which are happy groups enjoying their *al fresco* lunch and the busy scene around them, quite as much as the contest between the horses; at Jerome Park there is nothing but a grand stand, into which the visitors are packed, much as if they were at the opera.

It would seem as if we lacked national genius for out-of-door amusements. Our hot suns have doubtless something to do with our proclivities for keeping under cover; but the abundance of rain in England would, one might naturally suppose, lead to a similar disposition there. The sun-rays can be rendered endurable by the means of an umbrella; but rain, even when we are protected, brings gloom and discomfort. Not only at Jerome Park, but at Long Branch and similar places, we exhibit an inability to enjoy out-of-doors with the relish that the English do. Those who have visited Margate or Brighton testify to the truth of this charge. Long Branch is sometimes called a democratic watering-place, because among its visitors are many without social standing; but Long Branch is really never off its dignity. The sands are for the most part deserted, except at bathing-hours, while the groups on the hotel piazzas are always circumspect and dull. Late in the day, when the drive is thronged, or at the time when the bathers are in the surf, there is considerable animation; but at the English seaside places people abide on the sands all day. There is always a throng; always groups of people picnicking; always family clusters, with books, maps, and lunch-baskets; always happy children digging and playing in the sand; always an *abandon* and heartiness in their enjoyments which we do not commonly find among American pleasure-seekers.

We think, however, that our people are learning something in this direction. Foreign travel has done somewhat in the way of a change, and the day may come when we shall know how to "have a good time," and be spontaneously picturesque and pleasure-giving to lookers-on—which for our sakes, rather than theirs, we hope will speedily come.

— The subjoined is from a correspondent:

Editor of Appleton's Journal.

DEAR SIR: As a regular reader of your valuable journal, I take the liberty of asking information in regard to two words which have recently appeared in its columns: 1. The article entitled "Social Photographs (III.*)" contains the following sentence: "Even in this country . . . helpless people are alarmingly *plenty*" (APPLETON'S JOURNAL, No. 273, p. 750). Is the use of the word "*plenty*," as here exemplified, sustained by good authority? Webster (apologetically) admits the word as an adjective into his dictionary (edition 1859). But does the weight of authority—and by "authority" I mean here the leading writers of good English—justify the use of the word "*plenty*" as an adjective?

2. "We *tromed* through the narrow streets" ("The South Shore, Nantucket," page 755). Is "*tromed*" an English word? And what does it mean?

Your editorial on pronunciation (page 762) gives the following spelling as indicative of the pronunciation, "now considered polite and proper," of the words *castle*, *often*, viz., "*cas'-el*, *of'-fen*."

So far as my observation has extended, the following spelling would more correctly indicate the ordinary pronunciation of these words, viz., *cas'el*, *off'n*, or *auff'n*. I have rarely heard "*cas'-el*," and never "*of'-fen*." In this latitude of U. S. A., the pronunciation of these words by the educated and polite is, in general, strictly in accordance with the spelling—*castle* and *often*.

Respectfully,

GREENVILLE, ALA.

G. L. H.

1. "*Plenty*," as an adjective, is used by writers of standing, of whom we may mention Goldsmith and Franklin, but the weight of authority is against it. Dr. Johnson goes so far as to pronounce its use in this way a barbarism. 2. "*Tromed*" found its way into our columns by an oversight. We noticed it in reading the proof, and are under the impression that we struck it out. We confess that we do not know what it means. There is an obsolete old Saxon word, "*trome*," signifying company; but this would seem to have no connection with the meaning given to "*tromed*" by our contributor. 3. All the dictionaries give *cas'el* and *off'n* as the pronunciation of these words. We were not attempting to give their exact pronunciation as to every letter, but were considering only the suppression of the sound of *t*. Still, it would have been better, while we were about it, to have been exactly right, especially as microscopic readers are always at hand.

Literary.

BIOGRAPHIES are growing dangerous. We have had a trifle too much of the reminiscent element in literature of late; and those of us who begin to long for something present and fresh have found the ancient Boswell type of hero-worship a little wearisome, and gathered our only relief from a mental calculation as to the ultimately inevitable running dry of the great seas of table-talk and correspondence of the older generations. The humorists and raconteurs and eccentrics of a century ago have been drained dry; the most indefatigable of literary gossips cannot tell us any thing more

of their heroes in the past, and there is a natural longing for a lull between them and the Crab Robinsons and Chorleys of the future.

Nevertheless, we will concede perpetual freshness and youth to one man among the by-gone talkers; there is one for whose little doings and every-day bits of chatting we still have a tender place in our hearts and a ready ear—a man whose gentle light-heartedness over his old china and Elzevir editions never disgusts the hardest-hearted realist, and with whom all humanity feels its mouth water over roast-pig. We are never quite tired of hearing contributions to Elia's very simple and consolatory philosophy.

It is only this always lingering warm-heartedness toward Lamb that can make the latest gleaning over the field of his personal history of any particular consequence, or insure a reading to so scrappy and ill-fashioned a book as Mr. Hazlitt, his last biographer, has given us. Going over ground that others have so well reaped before, he gives us only the very straws and stubble of Lamb's life; and this is interesting only because Mr. Hazlitt could not help it. He would have made a pretentious book if any thing that had to do with Lamb could be pretentious—a dull book if any relics of the humanizing Elia could be dull. And so we gladly turn away from the compiler and his rather captious and rancorous introduction, wherein he occupies much useless space with attacks on Mr. Procter (Barry Cornwall) and Justice Talfourd, and others who have been before him; and we gladly refrain from criticisms of his "modification" and "attempted disproofs," to turn to the substance of the "Poems, Letters, and Remains" of Charles and Mary Lamb, which are put before us.

The first principal division of the book is taken up with the letters of Mary Lamb to her friend, Miss Sarah Stoddart. They give us perhaps a better glimpse than we have elsewhere had of the little matters of the Lamb's home-life, and they have all that touch of pathos and realistic homeliness that every thing connected with the simple couple seems to carry with it. Then follow some of Mary Lamb's verses—never very good ones, but always safe from harsh judgment under the shelter of their peculiarly naive simplicity. They are followed by a mass of biographical matter, chiefly relating to Lamb's works and associations; all of it is valuable, and here and there we find something particularly fresh.

We do not look upon the illustrations in the book as so valuable as Mr. Hazlitt appears to think them. There are various very small and not especially well-executed prints of houses that are in one way or another associated with the Lambs; and here and there a fac-simile of some title-page of a first edition of one of Lamb's books is inserted—not a particularly useful contribution to our knowledge, certainly.

It is a little thing to notice, but why has the English edition of this book a side-stamp representing *Titania* and her fairies playing about excellent *Bottom*, with his ass's head? We hardly see the bearing of this; and we can only surmise that one figure in the picture may commemorate the individual who first invented the idea of disfiguring a new book with any gilt side-stamp at all.

(Chatto & Windus, English publishers. American reprint by Scribner.)

There is a great deal of platitudes in Dr. S. Irenæus Prime's new book of essays—"Under the Trees;" but much of it is of a kind of platitude that is pleasant to many readers; and much of it is platitude wise enough to

bear reiteration. It is a collection of out-of-door thoughts, as its title indicates; and if Dr. Prime moralizes without any striking originality, perhaps, when he sees a bird, or an insect, or a green tree of any suggestive sort, it must be admitted that he does it pleasantly, and that there is little cant and a good deal of sound sense in his rendering of things that similar objects and scenes bring into the minds of most men who do not take the pains to write them. It is a world somewhat overfull of books, and this particular volume has hardly enough *raison d'être* to satisfy a very exacting critic; but it gives pleasant enough summer reading, and is probably destined to a season's popularity.

Of the better passages in it, the essay on "Authors," barring its study of a few people whose claim to the name of author might be questioned, has some true and judicious words, which shall serve us as a quotation from the book's contents:

"Dr. Johnson advised every young man beginning to compose, to do it as fast as he could, to get a habit of having his mind start promptly—'so much more difficult is it to improve in speed than accuracy.' But Dr. Johnson was one of the most unwise men that ever lived. He was a bundle of contradictions, and said a great many things for the sake of contradiction. . . . 'Easy writing is very hard reading.' And it is the easy reading—that which gives the most lasting as well as immediate pleasure to the reader—which has cost the writer the most labor. If he have the art to conceal his art, so that what is read or heard with the greatest delight seems to have leaped like Minerva from the brain in full dress and strength, so much the better; but, as a general rule in the matter of writing, as in all other of the works of man, that which costs nothing is worth nothing." Better than this is a quotation from the author's old college president and quondam critic—a quotation we are glad to see Dr. Prime remember—"Young gentlemen," Dr. Griffin often said to us, "learn to stop when you are done."

Dr. James Hinton's "Physiology for Practical Use," an American edition of which, with an introduction by Professor Youmans, is published by the Messrs. Appleton, has the merit of being a thoroughly sensible and serviceable book. The number of works with titles similar to this, which are every year produced, and always found to be full of mere cant and quackery, or else sincere and sound knowledge so unintelligibly put as to make it useless, seems very great to any editor through whose hands they so constantly pass; and it is a positive refreshment to see a book, which not only gives people information they really need and can use, but also gives it to them in the simplest and best shape—ready at hand in the thousand cases of every day, where a word of the right kind is invaluable.

Dr. Hinton deals in his first chapter with the brain, the duties and powers of which he puts before his readers in an excellent course of simple explanation. In succeeding chapters he treats of Hearing, Sight, Smell, and Taste; of the Digestion, the Skin, Bathing, Respiration, Taking Cold, Influenza, Headache, Sleep, Sleeplessness, Ventilation, Diseases of the Liver, the Action of Alcohol, Muscular Motion, Occupation and Health, Training and Gymnastics.

The book is full of the newest lessons of science; and the author never fears to speak the new truth squarely in the face of the old delusion. Notably is this the case in what Dr. Hinton says in regard to washing (espe-

cially in regard to the injuries often done to the delicate parts of the ear by careless use of water), about alcoholic drinks, about corpulence, and about training and exercise. In all these points the book is eminently practical; it does not advocate hobbies or notions, but proves and reasons as it instructs, in a way that satisfies every reader of the soundness of its theories.

"Across America," by General James F. Rusling, is a book on the much-bewritten region of the plains and the Western country. It has the advantage, over many of its fellows, of having been written among remarkably good opportunities for observation—General Rusling having been detailed by the department at Washington to make a tour of inspection to the various Western military posts. His book contributes nothing of very great novelty to our knowledge of the country, but it puts into convenient form much information that will help the multitude of future travelers over the same ground.

"Mr. Edmund Yates," says the London *Examiner*, "is the Icarus of current fiction. At one time he promised to attain to a considerable altitude, but somehow or other his wings got scorched, the wax melted, and he fell into the sea of mediocrity, where he has since been floundering. Whether we shall ever see good work from him again is a question which he must decide; and, judging from his latest novel, he would seem to have given the negative to all hope. 'The Impending Sword' is well adapted to the terrible columns of those penny journals whose object it is to lure on the ignorant from number to number with tales of blood and crime—mysteries to be continued 'hebdomadally; but to put it forward as the ripest work of a writer who has now been for many years before the public, we cannot but regard as a mistake. It is distinguished by tragedy without pathos, and volubility without grammar."

"George Sand's new novel," writes Evelyn Jerrold to the *Academy* from Paris, "is unquestionably better than the last five or six volumes she has produced in such rapid succession. 'Ma Sœur Jeanne' is almost a revival, a new birth of fervor and fancy. It is romantic and familiar, homely and passionate—it resumes the George Sand of several eras—and it deals with characters that only George Sand could imagine. Laurent and Jeanne are the ideal children-lovers of her early works, the sober English suitor *Sir Bruduel* is cleverly drawn; but the supreme original character of the book is Manellita, the woman-child, passionate, simple, and pure, a strange and fascinating compound of Mignon and Manon. And, in our view, George Sand has improved on Goethe and Leprévost: Mignon-Manon marries a positivist doctor and ends *en bourgeois* by rearing a nursery full of children."

"Theodore Tilton," says the *Rockester Democrat*, "can write as many novels as he chooses, and without glutting the market. We have read the first chapter of his first novel, and there is a suggestiveness in it not heretofore reached in a full volume of the average American novel. It is fresh, breezy, interesting, able, scholarly, and a dozen other things. We are aware that the reading of one chapter of a book does not ordinarily give one a power of attorney to express an opinion; but, after all, the professional critic doesn't usually read that much. He merely glances at the blank pages in search of fly-specks, and anathematizes the publisher if those leaves do not happen to be properly cut."

Mr. Forster has in preparation a biography of Swift. . . . A series of papers, by Mr. Townshend Meyer, based on correspondence and unpublished material of Leigh Hunt's, will appear in one of the London magazines. . . . Victor Hugo will shortly publish a collection of miscellaneous poems. . . . The copyright of Octave Feuillet's famous "Sphinx" has been secured by the *Univers Illustré*, and will be published in the columns of that

journal. . . . A newspaper, entitled *Whiffs from Ararat*, has been established by American pilgrims at the very foot of the mountain—so says a London newspaper. . . . Volume I. of Blanchard Jerrold's "Life of Napoleon III." has appeared.

Fine Arts.

The French Exposition.

[We have already given a paper on the French "Salon" by a resident contributor; but this article, from our art-critic, will not lose interest on this account.]

PARIS, June 7, 1874.

ONE of the most festive scenes that can easily be imagined is that afforded by the Palais des Champs-Élysées in the annual exposition of French artists. The palace, which is the one used at the grand exposition of 1867, much resembles in internal appearance the Grand Central Depot of New York, and is about the size of that building, and, like it, the curved roof is composed entirely of glass.

Entering the Palais on the side toward the Champs-Élysées, whose trees nearly embower it, the visitor follows a multitude of persons, to find himself in an immense garden, which covers the entire floor of the Palais. In large parterres of every conceivable shape, here are ranged, in all varieties of form, beds of the most graceful and the most curious ferns; palms of every size and from every clime; and beds of flowers whose colors are massed singly or in a kaleidoscope of hues. Such is the ornamental portion of the exhibition of the great hall of modern sculpture of the living artists of France, and, by all these adventitious advantages, they endeavor to charm, and certainly do somewhat bewilder, the judgment of a public as numerous and as enthusiastic as the most sensitive artist, whether sculptor or poet, could imagine or desire.

It is in the midst of this lovely and luxuriant vegetation, and softened into mellowness by a gauze curtain draped like a tent from the glass roof, that hundreds of statues of marble and in plaster are scattered about. Modeled from living persons, they present every variety of attitude and of excellence, from the fancy portrait of some well-known youth personating a fawn, to the sharp, cynical features in the portrait of Berryer, or in ideal likenesses of Hercules or Venus.

We, in America, have but little conception of the magnitude of the foreign exhibitions of pictures, and only those who have been present on such occasions know at all the importance that is attached by the public, and by the artists themselves, to the portion of annual exhibitions appropriated to the display of contemporary sculpture. The artists' names, even, are usually unknown in America, and very few persons can tell the reputation of any of them.

As descriptions of their work would very likely fall dead on an American public, we shall omit this department of the annual exhibition, and, in a field more familiar to the readers of the *JOURNAL*, endeavor to give some idea of French art as represented by Gérôme, Meissonnier, and their fellows.

The English collection of the Royal Academy, on which we had occasion to dwell a week ago, large as it is in proportion, and showy as are its halls compared to the spring exhibition of the National Academy of Design in New York, is as dull in proportion to that of its French neighbor as the climate of England is when compared to the sunny stretches

of fair France. The American public, and New York in particular, has, ever since art received much general attention in the United States, been nourished by French pictures; while many, if not most, of its young artists have emulated the ideas and standard of the French school. It is probably from this cause that an American, seeing for the first time the results of the British and of Parisian study, finds himself at once in more accord with the work of the French than of the English. Knowing *how* and *why* French artists paint, an American can perhaps judge more fairly of the results accomplished than he can of English artists starting from entirely different positions.

Entering a numerous succession of halls looking out upon the garden of sculpture on the floor of the Palais des Champs-Élysées, from a balcony on the second story, tent-like pavilions appear, hung from roof to ceiling with pictures that at first sight show like gorgeous palettes of color of every size and of every hue. Nothing can exceed the splendor of the tissues of gold and brocade and velvet, of lace and of satin, over which the light is carried with an effect little less than magical to a person familiar with the exceeding difficulty of varying and diffusing sunshine; so that, starting from some central point on a jeweled shoulder or sunny ringlet, it shall pervade and infiltrate and lessen its splendor till it is lost in dusky gloom. It is thought by most persons that economy of means in color, as well as in language, affords the most solid and lasting basis of real power and force, and that the occasional gleam on a jewel or a fold of velvet has more strength of color in its concentrated ray, and better lights up deep masses of shadow, than yards of such tones without the relief of a large proportion of dark or gray. Study the pictures by Paul Veronese, whose stiff materials, heavy with gold, are more nearly of the kind with the pictures of the modern Frenchman, one still finds that, in even such pictures as the "Marriage of Cana," which is, of course, one of his most gorgeous works, the artist is everywhere economical in the use of red and yellow and blue, and that it is only here and there, when they turn to the light, that the full effect of color is displayed. None of the old masters whom the French have occasion to study in the Louvre can compare with Veronese in the kind of results which are the standard for which they strive in their pictures, and it is a discouraging sign for French art, and with such examples of what is noble and splendid at the same time in Titian and Veronese, instead of saturating their minds with their work to take what is good in it, it so often appears that it is in the dry-goods shop, and not in the "Salon Carré," that a frivolous taste has nourished itself.

At the first glance at the pictured walls of the Exposition of the Palais Champs-Élysées, the visitor is struck with the enormous number of pictures of the human form from the nude; paintings the evident outgrowth of the study at the École des Beaux-arts, which, if he is familiar with the life-studies there, seem to have been transplanted, after a little greater freedom in painting had been gained, upon larger canvases, into such subjects as the death of Abel, the Crucifixion, the baptism of some saint; or, in secular subjects, the murder of some fair Circassian by her dark rival in the harem, deaths of Cleopatra, etc. This branch of the exhibition is the most impressive of either department, from the severe study it indicates—a knowledge and labor which dignifies whatever it touches; but behind these superb externals of art which throw

many of the great masters into the shade, appears a poverty of imagination on the part of the artists, which makes one mourn the lack of great thought among them in the present day. One of the finest paintings in the exposition for magnificence of rendering—the "Orientale," by Perret, looks like a mass of dusky sunshine. A most magnificent type of a brunette lies draped in a tissue of gold-lace; daylight, falling through the bright autumn woods, is not more mellow than this picture; but you look for expression in the woman, and there is none; for fineness of drawing in the hands and feet, and the modeling, is only general, and no part is carried out as if the artist loved this part of his work; and for story even there is none at all. The woman is a handsome French model, ordinary and soulless, and that is all the artist has said through a knowledge of style, and general anatomy, and color, that, put into the hands of Fra Angelico and Perugino, would have made a little bit of heaven.

A painful impression connected with this absence of a seeking for higher things in French art, is that the artists appear to have caught so fully the lurid sensationalism of their times. In the play of "The Sphinx," which is drawing all Paris, it is said that the actress who represents the heroine, strangled several animals to death before she had learned what expression to put into her own face in the crisis of strangling a person on the stage—a crisis, by-the-way, which at first drove half the audience from the theatre with affright. A picture on which we had occasion to comment in the spring exhibition at the New York Academy exhibition, of a jealous woman sending the head of her dead rival to her husband concealed in his basket of ruffles, is painted with precisely the same vein of feeling, apparently, that has crystallized a great deal of knowledge and a great deal of external beauty into the most hideous forms of human passion. If there is one, it appears to us there are a hundred fair women and brave men whose life-blood is flowing over the white skin of their temples or on their hearts; and this is apparently the only way almost in which the artists can put their splendid studies from the nude into what appear to them suitable external conditions.

In the grand salon of the exposition a group of people constantly hover around three little pictures, on the frames of which are placed, in large letters, "Medaille d'honneur." These paintings, which have received the first prize among nearly three thousand rivals, are by Gérôme, and one of them is the picture lately purchased by Mr. Stewart, of New York. Like all Gérôme's works, they are finished to the degree of exquisite miniatures; and one of them, "Nex Tibicen," is quite dramatic and comical. An old musician, in a fit of rage, has strewed his manuscripts about his study, and is gesticulating violently, in great contrast to his sleeping hound, who lies stretched out by an old piano. Globes, books, maps, make the background of the picture. "Une Collaboration" is of a couple of old men seated at a table reading and writing together; and the third, which is the one purchased by Mr. Stewart, is the best, perhaps, of them all, and is of some cardinals and noblemen grouped upon a fine architectural staircase. Gérôme, after all, paints the most dignified pictures that are now executed in France; and, with the technique of a hundred others, he has more intellect and more invention than anybody else; and, though he does not color as well as a great many others, his subjects are often noble, and the faithful touch with which he

bodies forth each feature and peculiarity places him, more nearly than any one here, beside the great historical painters of the world. One can imagine the scorn of Leonardo da Vinci or Paul Veronese for the paintings of the "Jalousie de Sèral," but the works of Gérôme at least would be seriously considered by such men as Titian.

In the first room of the exhibition two very peculiar pictures receive constant notice; and it is an interesting feature of the exposition, by-the-way, to notice the universal interest shown in certain pictures, by the different sets of people who day after day make the rounds of the galleries. The paintings to which we refer are by Alma-Tadema; and, even in the rich bouquet of color formed by the French paintings, they are among the most mellow and the most rich. One of them is called "The Tenth Plague of Egypt: the Death of the First-born," and the other is named "Sculpture." The former is the most peculiar and the most interesting. Egyptian women, magnificent in physiognomy and in surroundings, are dimly portrayed in a dusk twilight unutterably sad and still. The quiet and melancholy look one sometimes observes on the faces of the negro race has been used by Tadema to depict the hopeless submission to fate of these old African mothers with the dead bodies of their sons lying on their knees. Every adornment of architecture and of pomp of splendor has been brought by the artist to give force to his thought. Splendor of garments, richness of jewelry, and magnificent arms and heads, are all in the eclipse of the death which has overtaken Egypt; and the pale, shadowy light over the picture seems a fit emblem of the darkness over the hearts of the stricken people. We wish that this painting might go to America, as it is one of the most thoughtful and imaginative works that Alma-Tadema has ever produced, but its final destination is unknown to us. The other painting by Tadema is more in a vein familiar to Americans. A large canvas is covered with statuesque figures, and marble statues graceful and full of repose. Bright sunshine illumines the marble to the fairness of summer clouds, and the bright hair and soft faces of the women are very exquisite. The crowd of visitors to the exhibition evidently like this painting, for a dozen or twenty people are usually around it—a compliment to a purer instinct than seeks expression in so many of the pictures in low passion and in blood.

Of the landscapes much good can be said, and in another article we hope to refer to the charming works of Corot, Daubigny, and our own George Inness, besides many others.

S. N. C.

The well-known French painter, Hamon, died recently at St-Raphael Var, aged fifty-three years. Hamon was destined for the Church, but his love for painting led him, in his twentieth year, to change his vocation, when he became a pupil of Paul Delaroche and Gleyre, under whose guidance he made rapid progress. In 1848 he exhibited a painting of *genre*, "The Top of the Door," and "The Tomb of Christ," now in the Museum of Marseilles; and, in 1849, "A Roman Advertisement," "Equality in the Seraglio," and a parrot chattering with two young girls. In 1850 he was appointed to fill a position of responsibility in the porcelain-manufactory at Sèvres. Among the compositions there executed by him particular credit is due to him for a magnificent series of vases and enameled *coffrets*, which obtained a medal at the London Exhibition of 1851, and another at the Paris one of 1855. In 1853 he left Sèvres, and resumed his studies of oil-painting. Soon afterward appeared his celebrated paintings, "Human Comedies," "My Sister is out," "It is

not I," "Love and his Flock," "The Orphan Boys," and "The Child-Keeper," which were rewarded with medals of first and second class. On his return from a tour in the East he composed ten subjects, the most remarkable of which were, "The Four-Sou Shop," "The Enchained Butterfly," "The Slave," and "The Spinners." During the last five years he lived retired at Capri, having become enamored of the climate of Southern Italy and the admirable Bay of Naples. In 1873 he sent to the Paris Salon his last work, entitled "The Sad Sea-shore," one of the finest compositions he ever produced. Although not one of the greatest of modern French painters, he enjoyed considerable popularity.

An exhibition will be held in August next at the Palais d'Industrie, Paris, of carpets and tapestries, furniture, mirrors, and porcelains, manufactured in the model French establishments of Gobelins, Beauvais, and Sèvres. From the manufactory of the Gobelins there will be the eight panels of Mazerolle, destined to decorate the green-room of the New Opera—viz., St. Jerome, after Correggio; the Madonna, after Andrea del Sarto; an emblem of water, by Boucher, etc. The manufactory of Beauvais will exhibit collections of artistic furniture, said to be of great value and merit—comprising *cantaps*, sofas, chairs, cabinets, bedsteads, wardrobes, and splendid series of richly-embroidered tapestries and curtains. A collection of fire-screens, after Chabal Dussurgey, and hunting-panels, after Desportes, are said to be models of beautiful designs and admirable workmanship. The director of the manufactory of Sèvres will send a complete series of large vases of the newest forms and designs, pictures in porcelain of wonderful beauty and finish, and sets of table-services, combining, in the most appropriate manner, beauty of design and elegance of form with excellence of materials.

The work of restoration in the hemicycle of the Palace of Fine Arts is approaching completion, and will be opened to the public on the 1st of August. The director of the School of Fine Arts holds in reserve a pleasant surprise for artists and lovers of the fine arts, having recently acquired a painting by Ingres in his best style, dated from Rome.

It is stated that Mr. W. W. Story has just completed a statue of "Alkestis," which is one of the sculptor's most successful works. The moment selected is that when the Queen of Phæria has but just returned to earth from her sojourn in Hades, and the expression of semi-consciousness on her face, and of doubt and bewilderment in her pose and figure, is said to be admirably rendered.

A monument is to be erected in the Mulberry Court of the School of Fine Arts, Paris, to the memory of Henri Regnault and six of his comrades who perished in the Franco-German War. It will be constructed of two columns of white marble, upon which will be engraved the names of the six artists, while between the columns will be placed a bust of Regnault.

Music and the Drama.

Balfe's New Opera.

AMONG the most interesting features of recent musical advices from London is the production of Balfe's long-heralded opera of "The Talisman," with Nilsson and Campanini in the leading rôles. This work was announced for performance last year, but, owing to some quarrel between prima donna and manager, the public was then disappointed. "The Talisman" was received with the most enthusiastic plaudits by the splendid audience that gathered at its first representation on the evening of June 8th. Negotiations for its forthcoming production in the United States are already on the verge of consummation, and we may confidently expect that it will be offered to the public next winter by Mr. Strakosch in Italian, with probably Nils-

son as the prima donna; and by Mr. C. D. Hess in English, with Miss Clara Louise Kellogg as the "brilliant particular star."

Balfé's last opera was originally designed to be done in English. Mr. Arthur Mathison, the composer of the libretto, is well known both as a poet and musician, and seems to have done his very responsible share of the work with great care and ingenuity. A common fault of the opera, both in English and Italian, is the flimsy structure and rapid phrasing of the plot. To this, in the case of the average English opera, is added the difficulty that the translation of the words from the Italian to the vernacular imposes the burden of such unsingable words that the most skillful vocalists fail to do perfect justice to the music. The accomplished librettist of "The Talisman" has succeeded not only in constructing a charming story, and giving it a bright and flowing poetic dress, but in eluding the vocal stumbling-blocks of which the English language is full. Sir Michael Balfé was fortunate in securing so effective a theme, and it seems to have called out his richest flow of musical inspiration.

Through the courtesy of Mr. William A. Pond, who has secured the right of publication in America, we have been favored with the proof-sheets of the opera, and now purpose giving the readers of the JOURNAL a sketch of the story and music. The character of Balfé's music is so generally well known that in any thing new the public will expect, above all, a stream of beautiful melodies, sparkling in all directions through the work. Whatever may be the other deficiencies of "The Talisman," there will certainly be no disappointment in this respect. Before reviewing the music, however, let us sketch the story, whose vicissitudes suggested the musical thought. The plot is borrowed from Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of the Crusaders," and is one of the most romantic of all of the great novelist's mediæval stories. We give a short sketch of its adaptation for operatic uses by Mr. Mathison:

David, the heir of William the Lion, and Prince-Royal of Scotland, becomes enamored of Edith Plantagenet, the cousin of Richard of England, and determines to win her love for himself alone, without regard to his rank. With this view he joins the army of English Crusaders, with a very modest following, under the *soubriquet* of Kenneth, the Knight of the Leopard. About the same time that Kenneth arrives in the Holy Land, Queen Berengaria and Edith Plantagenet also come to the camp, having been on one of those pilgrimages to the holy chapel of Engeddî. At the latter place Kenneth had also met and recognized his lady-love, who then believes her knightly adorer to be far below her in rank. As the story proceeds, Richard Cœur de Lion, to reward the splendid daring of the Scottish adventurer, assigns to him the guardianship of the English standard on St. George's Mount, willing to show his kingly appreciation of valor, even though he had noticed, with resentment, the presumption of the supposed knight of low degree. Through a malicious trick of the dwarf Neotabanus, Kenneth is lured from his watch and ward by the royal standard in obedience to a forged message from Edith, and on returning finds the royal standard dishonored. King Richard, who has heard the alarm, raises his mace to slay the careless guardian of English honor, when he desists at the earnest appeal of Berengaria and Edith, who explain the means by which the Scottish knight was tempted away from his post. Richard, whose fierce temper is always

modified by royal magnanimity, determines to give Kenneth a chance to redeem his sullied honor. This the latter does by discovering the foe who had insulted the English standard, and slaying him in mortal combat. The *dénouement* then takes place, and he reveals his own splendid rank, claiming and receiving the hand of Edith, who had long loved her knightly suitor, though ignorant of his royal dignity as the heir-apparent of a great kingdom.

It may be easily imagined what rich material this story would furnish to an ingenious and poetic mind, and how finely adapted for lyric display. Mr. Mathison has given it symmetrical form, and Balfé did not fail to reach his highest altitude of lyrical fervor in giving it a musical setting. This we say with a certain reservation, as it is a judgment founded purely on the study of the score. But so far as it is possible to estimate an operatic work without its full embodiment on the stage, it is a criticism fully justified by the great wealth of melodies and the beauty of the concerted pieces. Of its skill of orchestration, of course it is now impossible to speak, though this is a phase of operatic art in which the composer has justified his claim to a more than ordinary share of both creative power and musical scholarship. There are few operas in which there is a chance for more effective stage setting, and there is no reason why the gorgeous *mise en scène* of "Aida" or "Lohengrin" may not be rivaled by an ambitious *impresario*. We shall now proceed to give a brief sketch of the musical riches of the opera. The first act is opened with a brief orchestral prelude, which cannot be called an overture, yet is spirited and suggestive of the dramatic action of the story. The act has in it several choruses and part-songs, picturesque and striking in composition, the first, "Soldiers of Araby," being peculiarly effective. Edith's solo (soprano) in this act, "Softly, solemnly, cometh the Night-Wind," is a beautiful and tender prayer, full of dramatic feeling in connection with its surroundings. Though it has in parts some florid ornamentation, and furnishes splendid opportunities for vocal display, its peculiar power can only be made manifest by sympathy and magnetism of rendering. It will furnish a fine test of the true lyric artist, not merely of the accomplished vocalist. The dwarf's song, "I love the Sky, where no Bright Stars shine," is a clever specimen of the weird school of music, toward which the modern romantic composers have such a strong predilection; and the concerted *ensemble* with the choral hymn, "Salve, Regina," is full of breadth and dignity, closing with the pretty tenor *aria*, "Floweret, I kiss thee." The end of this act, supposed to take place in the subterranean chapel of Engeddî, gives the opportunity of solemn and impressive scenic accessories equal to the cave-scene in "Der Freischütz."

The opening *aria* for the baritone in the second act is a romance, "Ah, who shall sing the Rapture?" bright and tuneful, in that style of ballad composition which Balfé so much affects. Without any thing startling or original, it has that taking kind of melody which will probably cause it to be worn threadbare on every piano-forte and hand-organ. Following it come in rapid succession several choruses, duets, and trios, for both male and female voices, of striking dramatic vigor and suggestiveness. The melodic richness, in which Balfé never falls short, is very happily supplemented by the free and flexible truth with which these members of the opera embody the different motives. In fact, the whole work shows a very palpable concession to that sense of fit-

ness which the new theories of opera insist on as the true wedlock of speech and situation with musical forms. There is a quaint and sparkling "Romant de Navarre" for Berengaria (contralto), followed by the gem of the act, a solemn and beautiful *largo* song for soprano, "Like Some Fair Flower." The end of this *aria* brings in the female chorus in a prayer, whose feeling is in admirable unison with that of the preceding solo. The whole music of the part of Edith is inspired by the sentiment with which Sir Walter Scott surrounds one of his most dignified and noble female creations. It is intellectual, *spirituelle*, and pregnant with a lofty sweetness, very different from the vapid and commonplace prettinesses, into which Balfé has sometimes been betrayed, apparently by the sheer desire to write down to the comprehension of the vulgar masses, forgetful of the fact that extremes meet, and that simple and genuine greatness in musical thought will thrill the heart of the average music-lover as well as of the cultivated amateur.

Act third begins with a brightly-colored prelude, marked by striking musical devices. An *aria* for the basso, "Why, Sweetheart, why?" is a bold, downright English ballad melody, fresh and breezy, well suited to the character of "Cœur de Lion." Then we have a pastoral air, "A Song to Merrie England," so simple and joyous as to remind one of the charming old English glees, which have unfortunately sunk into disuse of late years, as if unworthy of the attention of pretentious musicians. The *pièce de résistance* of the act is a florid and highly-ornamented *aria*, in marked contrast with the preceding numbers, an *allegro brillante*, "Radiant Splendors." This was written for display, and it is managed by the composer with a profound knowledge of the human voice. It will probably become a great favorite with *bravura* singers. Though it is so characterized by lavish *floriture*, it is so full of sentiment and power in its essential meaning, however, as to rise far above the level of a mere show "piece." It may be described in a general way as the joyful outburst of music of a serious and noble nature, which, in the intoxication of unexpected happiness, breaks into a bird-like extravagance of ecstatic song.

With the reservation previously mentioned, we are inclined to believe that this opera will prove Balfé's masterpiece. The motives of the work are far superior to those of most operas, and there is a sustained strength in the music. The choruses are picturesque and stirring, and skillfully worked up in connection with general dramatic fitness. Several of the solos for soprano and tenor are not only beautiful, but noble examples of creative musical intelligence, while all the songs have the genuine melodic ring which we always expect in Balfé. If the orchestration prove to match the vocal excellences of the opera, it cannot fail to take a lofty rank in the modern repertory of lyric music.

A comedy entitled "Peril, or Love at Long Branch," has been produced at the Union-Square Theatre in this city. It is called an American comedy, but in morals the play is French, in situations and characters it is English, in names, places, and vulgarity only is it American. It is a play of reminiscences; characters and situations continually recall characters and situations in other plays. As compared with the appalling comedies that have been devoted to the delineation of life at our watering-places, there is some show of coherence and unity; but, as compared with American life, it is wholly false; as compared with

higher examples of comedy, it is wholly feeble; as compared with the lowest kind of vulgar farce, it just escapes the severest condemnation; as compared with the ideal American comedy we have all been looking for, it escapes dullness, and that is all. The author has some tact in managing his situations, and shows a certain kind of stage-knowledge that, if employed with good taste and after careful study in characterization and plot, might result in an acceptable play.

There are few more pathetic things than the following letter (recently published) of Almée Decée to Alexandre Dumas. She was then in the very height of her glory and renown: "I shall finish by entering a convent. That is certain; it is my fixed idea. What can I do here? Why this agitation, these combinations, these useless studies; this vocation of mountebank; this existence at once empty, monotonous, and noisy? To embellish one's poor features, compress one's frame, change the color of one's hair, rub one's nails to make them shining; and then, with a studied manner, recite certain things, not one word of which very often expresses one's real thoughts; lie, in fact—deceive the eyes and ears of the crowd in order to amuse them for a few hours. Frankly, where is the purpose of all this? What the use, and what comes of it afterward? But why am I not happy, or, at least, content? I have no person, no thing to complain of; how many women in my place would thank Heaven! The house is filled; every night there are flowers and triumphs enough to satisfy all the *minotours* of the stage. But no; it is all the same to me. The recapitulation of all this is, that I shall certainly finish by taking the veil. I never think of killing myself; but I consent very willingly to die. In a convent I should become certainly ecstatic. I should adore my crucifix; perhaps he will grant it me. There only should I really be content with my lot; perhaps it is a vocation against which I am struggling. No one has an interest in retaining me; and my absence would render a few persons happier. A place vacant, who is to succeed?"

"Persons who go to a theatre now and then for an evening's entertainment," remarks "Free Lance" in *London Society*, "express their surprise if a copy of the *Era* is put into their hands, and they discover that there is a regular dramatic world which provides its profits, its prices, its demand for labor, as thoroughly as any commercial market; and they are somewhat amazed at reading the advertisements for 'stars,' 'singing chambermaids,' 'first heavies,' 'leads,' and 'general utility.' Next they will light upon the announcement that some talented individual is ready to supply dramas, farces, and burlesques, with patter-songs at a moment's notice; and that somebody else possesses a vast agency, extending through England, America, and the colonies, by which means managers in the four quarters of the globe may cater for the amusement of their various customers; and after perusing the dramatic intelligence which the indefatigable editor of the *Era* collects from all provincial towns, from America and Australia, they will emerge from the study with the acknowledgment that, if the drama is really in a decline, it cannot be from want of nourishment or power of assimilation."

Gluck, as is well known, although highly gifted, was the most careless of modern composers. In his "Iphigénie en Aulide" and "Iphigénie en Tauride," the faults, owing to his careless manner of writing, were so numerous, that Hector Berlioz, after Gluck's death, declared that, unless some competent musician contrived to revise, rearrange, and correct them, they would be lost to posterity. This task, after many years' oblivion, has just been completed by Mlle. Pelletan, who has thus restored to musical science two works which will always be regarded as Gluck's best masterpieces. Mlle. Pelletan offered the two corrected compositions, and the manuscript of "Alceste," to M. Maurice Richard, after having spent years in their reconstruction, but her offer was not accepted. Despairing of success in France, she corresponded on the subject with the Austrian Minister of Fine Arts, at Vienna, who agreed to purchase the precious manu-

scripts. To the relief of all lovers of musical art in France, the three manuscripts have at last been purchased by the French Minister of Fine Arts, and will first appear upon the French stage.

Herr Johann Strauss and his orchestra have not been quite so successful in Florence as in the other Italian cities they have visited. The general audience were not particularly enthusiastic, while a clique of professional musicians endeavored to get up a manifestation against them, under the pretext that the public ought to patronize Italians, and not foreigners. What would these malcontents say were foreigners to adopt the same rule, and exclude Italians from London, Berlin, Paris, St. Petersburg, and so on? In justice to the other persons present on the occasion in question, however, we must add that they ultimately put down the malcontents.

The young Norwegian musician, Edward Grieg, has suddenly become famous. He was born at Bergen, in Norway, in 1843, and when only a child his extraordinary talents attracted the attention of the celebrated violinist, Ole Bull, and in 1858 he was sent to the Conservatory at Leipzig to study music. In 1863 he went to Copenhagen to work under Gade, and soon became the most brilliant of the knot of clever young composers collected there. *Musikatisches Wochenblatt* calls Grieg "the Scandinavian Chopin."

The return of Mme. Christine Nilsson to Mr. Mapleson, at Covent Garden, London, seems to be what that of Patti is to Mr. Gye, at Drury Lane. At Nilsson's reappearance on Saturday night, June 6th, in the rôle of *Marguerite*, the Prince of Wales and Duchess of Edinburgh occupied the royal box. The unanimous judgment of the critics was, that there was never seen on the operatic stage a more perfect and ideal *Marguerite*, whether judged from the vocal or dramatic point of view.

The musical pitch has been lowered a half-tone at Drury Lane, and the change will, it is understood, be maintained by the orchestra throughout the season. The same concession to the ease and convenience of the vocalists was made some time since at Covent Garden, and it is supposed to be at the desire of a popular prima donna that Sir Michael Costa has been induced to sacrifice a little brilliancy in the tone of his band, and to end a much-vexed controversy.

Lecocque's latest work, "Giroflé-Girofla," has been produced in London at the Opéra Comique, before its production in Paris, and met with great success. . . . A new play, by Robert Buchanan, is in preparation at the Haymarket. . . . A floating theatre on the Seine is talked of at Paris.

Science and Invention.

THE recent death from hydrophobia of Mr. Francis Butler, the well-known dog-trainer and fancier, has again opened the discussion regarding the true nature of "rabies," and the means of cure. Mr. Butler died six weeks after the bite, and with all the symptoms of hydrophobia. So far as we can learn, no professional advice was sought until the victim was beyond hope, and so it would be unjust to question the skill of the physician, or the value of the remedies applied. It so happened, however, that the animal which bit Mr. Butler found also another victim in the crowd of passengers who were crossing one of the Brooklyn ferries. This gentleman, who we are informed, has since the death of Mr. Butler, placed himself under treatment at the Brooklyn Turkish Baths, and that his course is a wise one may be judged from the following facts, as given by Dr. Buisson, of Lyons, France. A correspondent of the *Sun* gives the following account of the method by which Dr. Buisson claims to have prevented or cured hydrophobia in eighty cases that came to his notice. By way of preface we would state, however, that, when a single physician claims to have not only

observed, but cured eighty cases of rabies, we may justly question his diagnosis, and yet have faith in his treatment. "His preventive," says the writer, "was a Russian bath, at 134° to 144° Fahr., for seven days in succession, before the disease declared itself. After the symptoms had developed, a single bath was sufficient. Buisson discovered the remedy by accident, when endeavoring to suffocate himself in heated vapor to escape the horrors of hydrophobia, contracted in the pursuit of his profession. When his bath had reached an extreme high temperature, all the dread symptoms disappeared."

A correspondent sends us the following interesting communication regarding the Great Pyramid: Aside from the theory advanced by many learned men throughout Europe that the real architect of the Great Pyramid, under King Cheops, was none other than Melchizedek, and that the mysterious mass was constructed by divine inspiration, it is nevertheless true that it contains an infinite number of curious facts, embracing the mathematical, physical, astronomical, geographical, and meteorological sciences, seemingly unknown at the date of its construction—2170 years before the advent of Christ—and which have only been revealed to us four thousand years later.

Among those facts which have recently excited so much attention and speculation among the learned, we may quote the following: 1. The relation of the circumference of the circle to its diameter, the solution as near as possible of the great problem of the quadrature of the circle. 2. The length of the rotatory axis of the earth. 3. The exact distance of the earth from the sun, in computing which, modern astronomy, only a few years ago, made an error of nearly two hundred and fifty million miles. 4. The mean density, and consequently the weight of the earth. 5. The fixation of its own date, and of the singular astronomical circumstances which accompanied it at the time when the first of the Pleiades was at the equinox of spring, and when one of the most remarkable stars of the Egyptian firmament—removed ninety degrees from the Dragon—was the most brilliant or the most visible star in the neighborhood of the pole. 6. A measure of latitude, it being exactly thirty degrees latitude north. 7. The geographical centre of the earth's surface. 8. The geometrical centre of the great Delta of the Nile, perhaps the greatest and most fertilizing water-course in the known world. 9. An exact and logical system of weights and measures, constructed in accordance with invariable principles, differing little from the British system actually in force, but opposed to the system of the French metre. 10. A clearly-established prophecy foretelling the exodus from Egypt, the precise year of our Saviour's advent, together with the chronological details of his life; and last, but not least, a figure of the end of the order of things as at present established.

The Great Pyramid, in affording the solution to so many problems, may well be regarded as the most marvelous monument of antiquity.

From a recent lecture on "The Solid Particles in the Atmosphere," delivered before the Royal Institution by Mr. Hartley, F. C. S., we condense as follows: These particles are of three orders: mineral, carbonaceous or organic, and living. The mineral particles, such as salt, are found mainly near the sea; while the air near towns abounds in minute fragments of starch, woody fibre, sulphate of soda, mul-

titudes of organisms, noxious gases, and offensive organic matter. After referring to the means for detecting the presence of these foreign substances, Mr. Hartley takes ground against the "spontaneous-generation" theory as follows: "The dust in the air has led to much discussion, and may be said to have laid the foundation of the mistaken belief in the spontaneous generation of living things, advocated in the sixteenth century by Van Helmont, who gave a receipt for making mice out of sawdust; and by Paracelsus, who described the production of a scorpion from a leaf placed between two bricks; while, to-day, Dr. C. Bastian believes he has obtained microscopic fungi from lifeless carbonaceous and nitrogenous matter. The error of thinking that flesh and cheese are converted into maggots was detected by Redi, in 1638, and his experiments are practically represented by our own wire-gauze dish-covers. In 1854, Schroeder and Dasch proved that organic infusions can be preserved after boiling, provided that the air admitted to them has been filtered through cotton-wool; and, in 1862, Pasteur published the results of all previous investigations, supplemented by those obtained by himself." It is not uncommon for the advocates of this theory to charge upon their opponents a "previous prejudice," and at times a "religious bias," as the reason why they are opposed to its claims; and yet, were the subject reviewed in an honest spirit, we question whether there could be found a theory that has less claim to recognition, or one which, in the light of both reason and experiment, stands more decidedly "unproven."

The following note appears in *Nature*, June 4th, and we give it in full, as it relates to the advancement of a gentleman with whose name and services the American public are familiar, and refers to a subject that has already received especial attention at our hands;

"Mr. W. Saville Kent, F. L. S., the late Superintending Naturalist of the Brighton Aquarium, and formerly Assistant in the British Museum, has been appointed to the control of the Manchester Aquarium. This aquarium being constructed on the 'circulating' principle, advocated by Mr. Kent, and it being, moreover, intended to make the building subservient more to the instruction and education of the masses rather than for the realization of extraordinary dividends, we may anticipate from it scientific results of the most gratifying sort. The tank-frontage of the Manchester Aquarium presents a length of no less than seven hundred and fifty feet, an amount exceeding that of any aquarium yet constructed. An ample guarantee of the encouraging support this undertaking is likely to receive at the hands of the public is shown by the returns for the first week of its opening, the visitors who passed through the gates during that period numbering over nineteen thousand."

Immediately upon the receipt of this information regarding Mr. Kent, we addressed him with the purpose of learning whether the projectors of the Central-Park Aquarium must now cast about for some other scientific chief. Pending his reply, we would state that, even should Mr. Kent determine to remain at Manchester, we will still continue our efforts toward the establishment of the Central-Park Aquarium. Nor do we doubt but that Professor Kent, even though he should not consent to aid us directly, will yet give us the assistance of his experience in the furtherance of a work he has already aided so materially. While we can but tender to Professor Kent our congratulations on his appointment, it is yet done in a regretful spirit, since what is Manchester's gain is our loss; and as the Central-Park Aquarium when built will be the model for all others on this side of the At-

lantic, it would have been well had our citizens acted more promptly, and so gained the services of the new director now settled at Manchester.

Since recording the generous gift of Mr. Anderson to the School of Natural History, on Penikese Island, we have been accorded no more welcome duty than that fulfilled in the following announcement: On the 3d day of May last there was placed on record, in the county recorder's office, of San Francisco, a deed by which Mr. Lick, of that city, conveyed nearly all his property, valued at not less than four million dollars, to charitable purposes, and in a form that cannot fail to place the State of California in the front rank as relates to the advantages it offers for scientific studies and investigations. Our readers have already been informed as to the numerous objects included in this most generous gift, and we will refer but to those pertaining to science. First among these stands the gift of "seven hundred thousand dollars for an observatory and a more powerful telescope than any yet made. The telescope to be erected on the summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, on the border of Lake Tahoe, upon land donated by Mr. Lick." The significance and comparative value of this gift may be judged from the fact that the great telescope at Washington, the largest refractor in the world, cost, we believe, less than fifty thousand dollars. Next in this special list comes the item of three hundred thousand dollars for founding the "California School of Mechanical Arts." The crowning gift of all, however, and the one that will be welcomed by students of science the world over, is that to be shared jointly by the "California Academy of Sciences" and "The Society of California Engineers." On the authority of the *San Francisco Call*, we learn that this gift insures to each of these institutions an endowment of at least one million dollars. Such a rare and noble act as this needs not one word of commendation; hence we will be content to commend the example to our own citizens with a special application. It is now nearly a year since we began to urge the need of an aquarium at Central Park. The public need it; the press are a unit in commending our purpose; and the Park Commissioners stand ready to assist in every way they can toward aiding the movement. All that the public are waiting for is the generous donor, who shall, by this single act, serve his city and his race in a way the value of which cannot be over-estimated.

The comet now faintly visible in the north-western sky promises to prove a celestial visitor of marked distinction and interest. Appearing at present, June 29d, as a mere suggestion of light, it will increase in brilliancy, until it becomes the wonder of the night, rivaling in splendor the comet of '58." It was first discovered at Marseilles, France, on the night of April 17th, a discovery which was verified by Professor Lewis Swift, of Rochester, N. Y., June 8th. From Professor Swift we learn that it is approaching both the sun and the earth with a constantly-accelerated velocity, making its nearest approach to both about the 1st of August, at which time it will have a brilliancy two hundred and forty times that at present. As this period of greatest brilliancy occurs at a time when the moon is absent, there will be afforded to spectroscopists a rare opportunity for studying its physical construction. A second fortunate coincidence lies in the fact that, during the present season, the attention of the public is

particularly directed heavenward, owing to the general interest taken in the coming transit-of-Venus observations. It is rarely that two such celestial phenomena occur within so short a time, and astronomers will find in them opportunities for observation that will certainly not be neglected, while the public, who are becoming "wondrous wise," will await with impatience the results of these new investigations.

In a recent paper read before the Paris Society of Engineers, M. Bergeron made some suggestions respecting an improved method for opening river-channels, which will prove of special interest to Americans at the present time. Instead of the common dredging-machine, or the "jetties," as proposed by Captain Eades, M. Bergeron would "place a number of metallic pipes with small holes in the bank of sand it is wished to remove, and then send water through the tubes at high pressure." By this means it is believed that the water, issuing rapidly from the holes, would agitate the sand, and so loosen it as that it would be carried away by the river-current. Although no mention is made of the fact, we suppose it is intended that these pipes should be attached to a suitable vessel on which are the proper pumping-engines, and which could be anchored over the bar.

Mr. Aird, C. E., writing concerning the utilization of the sewage of Dantzic, states that "the land on which it is applied is nearly pure sand, and the yield of the sugar-beet grown on it is described as enormous, while the percentage of sugar is equal to that obtained from roots grown on the best soil in Germany." The location of New York on a narrow island would seem to offer an insurmountable obstacle against the securing of its sewage; and yet, were this possible, the returns might be found to compensate for the extra effort. Long Island numbers its hundreds of square miles of "almost pure sand," and, if these barrens could be made to yield enormous crops of sugar-beet, it were well that the farmers give the subject serious attention.

Bayley's hydrostatic van is the high-sounding title which the London *News* gives to our old and familiar friend the street-watering cart. By the aid of an illustration and a full half-column of descriptive matter, the readers of the *News* are instructed as to the superior value of this new (!) invention. As we have hinted, a careful examination of the "cut," and a perusal of the "text," reveal the fact that the authorities of London have adopted the ordinary four-wheeled watering-cart as their own, and, by this means, effect a saving of thirty thousand pounds sterling a year. Surely the world moves; and, what with American reaping and sewing machines, Pullman cars, and hydrostatic vans, our English neighbors are catching up, though still far behind.

Contemporary Sayings.

"THERE is," says a writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, "an abbreviation of that grand old name which, in its elimination of syllables, so happily symbolizes the elimination of the qualities expressed by them that I would suggest the extension of its use from the small class to whom it is now applied to the whole species in which these qualities are conspicuous by their absence. I mean the word 'gent.' Of the species I would designate by it, it cannot be said that they are gentle in any sense of the term, unless it be, unapplied, by birth. The essence of gentle manners is self-restraint on

of consideration to others; but the distinguishing mark of the 'gent' is self-assertion, self-indulgence, in total disregard of others. The essence of gentle breeding is culture, and the refinement which springs from culture; but the 'gent' is innocent of all culture except that of his mustaches. It may be said of him, in the words of one of our old writers: 'He hath more gentleschippe in his hat than in his head.'

An English critic declares that "the first place among living competitors for the oratorical crown will be conceded without a dissenting voice to Mr. Gladstone. It is Eclipse first, and all the rest nowhere." To this another critic makes this comment: "This verdict unquestionably expresses the general feeling of contemporaries; but we predict that it will prove a puzzle to posterity. On purely literary grounds it will ever be difficult to comprehend how Mr. Gladstone's diffuse brilliancy should have been a force more practically efficacious than the condensed, nervous, masculine, impressive oratory of John Bright. The mystery cannot be explained by the accomplishment of elocution, or the spell of magnetic influence, since these are possessed in a nearly equal degree by both speakers. The solution consists, we think, in Mr. Gladstone's superior versatility, and in his superior persuasiveness. He can disarm opposition where Mr. Bright can only beat it down; his mental alacrity, and faculty of extemporaneous disquisition on any subject, insure him a complete and uninterrupted range over the political field which his rival only occupies partially and at intervals."

Every Saturday, in discussing the needs of our minor actions, mentions, among other things, its lack of lightness of touch and freedom of manner. "Our stories are too solemn, too strained, too resolute in presenting serious problems and asking profound questions—in a word, too intense. We do not ask for a flow of wit and humor, but we have a right to ask for pleasant things in our stories, and there is a certain freshness of telling, which we hold to be fairly due from the teller to the listener. We suspect that playfulness in a novel is more agreeable to the ordinary reader than downright fun. That spirit of hope and happiness which gives spring to a writer, and makes his pen to follow the thought that lies behind a smiling mouth—how quick we all are to respond to it! Indeed, we ask for this, not only for the novel but for the whole range of our lighter literature, which takes the place so considerably of gay society and agreeable talk."

"Established in the early period of the country," says the *Home Journal*, writing of the post-office, "when railways, steamboats, telegraphs, and lightning presses were unknown, the post-office was naturally a very different institution from what it should be to-day; but the odor of antiquity and needless discrimination still hangs about it. Such a hair-splitting between missives printed and missives written with a pen, papers sealed and papers unsealed, packages with a pencil-mark and packages without a pencil-mark, manuscripts sent to the publishers of books, and manuscripts sent to people who do not publish books, publications with binding, and publications unbound, periodicals daily and periodicals weekly and semi-weekly, monthly and semi-monthly, such a peddling, penny-wise system never has been seen outside the smallest of small haberdasheries."

One who writes in the New-York *Sun* under the title of "A Stranger's Note-Book in America," says very truly of Jerome-Park races that they have very little of the character of a picnic which races abroad have. "You see none of the variegated multitude spread all around the field; nothing of the picturesque confusion of all sorts of vehicles, from the gorgeous state-carriage down to donkey-carts. The few thousand people who reach Jerome Park by the road go to the grand-stand or the clubhouse, after intrusting their carriages to some red-capped negro, and they remain all the afternoon in their seats just as decorously and stiffly as if they were in a hippodrome. They start after having lunched, and expect to return to their dinner, so that there is very little eating going on; and, as the intervals between the races are very long, the whole appearance of the race-course turns out to be remarkably dull."

A request having been made to Mr. Ruskin to deliver a lecture at Glasgow, he replied by emphatically declaring that the desire of audiences "to be audiences only" is becoming an "entirely pestilent character of the age." The multitude are in too great haste to be wise, or, as he puts it, they expect a man to knead into small, sweet pills the knowledge which it has taken him half a lifetime to acquire, and to put it straight down their throats. This, as he very truly says, is not to be done; and he proceeds to condemn as "entirely pestilent and abominable" the "modern fireworking, smooth-downy-curry-and-strawberry-ice-and-milk-punch-altogether lecture." The death of poor Dickens, who was killed by the insatiable demands of the mob, when he might have been writing "blessed books" till he was eighty, is a lamentable example of this modern tendency.

For art in the way of putting things, the subjoined, from the advertising columns of the London *Times*, could scarcely be excelled: "Should this meet the eye of the lady who got into the 12.30 train at New-cross Station on Friday, May 13th, with two boys, one of whom was evidently just recovering from an illness, she may be pleased to learn that three of the four young ladies who were in the carriage are very ill with the measles, and the health of the fourth is far from what her relations could desire."

"There is a dark side to the coal question," says a contemporary. At first glance one might say that all the sides are dark; but then, in a winter's grate, it is delightful to see all the sides bright.

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

JUNE 19.—Advices from Spain: Sickness in General Concha's army; Carlists concentrating at Monte Jurra, near Estella; General Palacios, with ten thousand men, marching on Cantabria, Carlisle headquarters in Aragon.

Yellow fever raging in Bahia, Brazil. The pope, in his address to the cardinals, renews his protests against the acts of the Italian Government, and refuses to make peace with the "enemies of the Church."

Deaths: At Paris of Jules Janin, author and critic, aged seventy; at London, of John M. Bellow, well-known elocutionist, aged fifty-one; at Kellyville, Ky., of Mrs. Audubon, wife of the celebrated naturalist, aged eighty-eight.

JUNE 20.—Advices from Spain: Telegraphic communication between France and Spain severed. The frontier town of Figueras, province of Gerona, invested by the Carlisle chief Saballs.

Intelligence that the Turkish ship *Kars*, on the Sea of Marmora, en route for Salonica, was run into by the Egyptian vessel *Bhara*, and sunk; three hundred and twenty lives lost.

A crisis brought about in the Dutch ministry by the rejection of the Government bill lowering the franchise; the ministers tender their resignations.

Death, at Boston, of Dr. George Derby, for some years Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Health; aged fifty-five.

JUNE 21.—Advices from Spain: General Concha reports the roads in the neighborhood of Estella impracticable for heavy artillery; is obliged to suspend operations for the present.

Advices of the death of Rev. John S. Falconer, one of the most distinguished of the younger clergy of the Scottish Episcopal Church.

JUNE 22.—Advices from Cuba: Dissensions reported to have broken out in the insurgent ranks. The supporters of Santa Lucia and Gomez fighting each other; have been two encounters, in which both sides lost heavily.

Completion of the electric-telegraph cable between Brazil and Europe; communication established and messages interchanged.

A new cabinet formed in Hawaii, as follows: Minister of Finance, P. Nahoolulua; Minister of the Interior and *ad interim* Minister of Foreign Affairs, W. L. Green; Attorney-General, Richard H. Stanley.

Deaths: At Boston, Mass., of Rev. Charles Lowe, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, aged forty-five; at Benton, Ark., of General William A. Crawford, prominent citizen of the State; at Chicago, of Samuel Myers, well known in theatrical circles, and manager of Myers's Opera-House in that city.

JUNE 23.—Advices from Spain: The government troops defeat Carlisle bands at Morella. A fusion of Spanish republicans and radicals proposed.

Fourteen persons killed and one hundred injured, by the fall of a floor of a room in Syracuse, N. Y., where a strawberry-festival was holding.

Adjournment of United States Congress; among prominent acts passed during the session is the currency bill, fixing maximum of legal-tender circulation at three hundred and eighty-two millions, redistributing fifty-five millions of national-bank currency from Eastern to Western banks, abolishing provision requiring national banks to hold reserve of legal tenders; Post-Office bill, requiring prepayment on all periodicals by publishers, at rate of two cents per pound for newspapers, and three cents per pound for periodicals issued less frequently than once a week.

JUNE 24.—Carlists attack Bellmunt, in Tarracona, and garrison surrender; Carlists afterward attacked by republican forces and defeated.

Trouble threatened between Persia and Turkey, owing to refusal of the Persian Government to compel return to Turkish territory of a tribe hitherto subject to the Porte.

Resignation of U. S. Postmaster-General Creswell; office tendered to Eugene Hale, of Maine.

JUNE 25.—Contract closed for placing Pullman palace-cars on all railways in Upper Italy.

Railway accident by misplaced rail in Canada; one killed and twenty injured.

Ratification at Versailles of postal treaty between France and the United States.

Notices.

PRETTY FEET should be shod in ENGLISH CHANNEL Shoes. All ladies insist on having them. They show a dark line around the sole near the edge. They never wear ragged. They wear longer, and cost no more.

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